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# THE TWENTIETH CENTURY BOOK OF TOASTS

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*THIS WORK CONTAINS A VAST NUMBER OF ORIGINAL TOASTS NEVER BEFORE APPEARING IN PRINT; ALSO A CAREFULLY SELECTED COLLECTION OF FAMOUS TOASTS WRITTEN BY THE MOST EMINENT LITERARY CELEBRITIES OF THE ENGLISH SPEAKING WORLD, TOGETHER WITH TRANSLATIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ORIENTAL CLASSIC SCHOLARS AND POETS*

EDITED BY

PAUL E. LOWE, PH.D.

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# WINE

## THE UNIVERSAL TOAST.

Observe, when Mother Earth is dry,
She drinks the droppings of the sky,
And then the dewy cordial gives
To every thirsty plant that lives.
The vapors which at evening weep,
Are beverage to the swelling deep;
And when the rosy sun appears,
He drinks the ocean's misty tears.
The moon too quaffs her paly stream
Of lustre from the solar beam.
Then hence with all your sober thinking!
Since Nature's holy law is drinking,
I'll make the law of Nature mine,
And pledge the Universe in wine.

—Anacreon (Moore's translation).

# CHAPTER I

## WINE

When Father Time swings round his scythe,
Intomb me 'neath the bounteous vine,
So that its juices red and blythe,
May cheer these thirsty bones of mine.—Eugene Field.

—

Let wine, gay comrades, be the food we're fed upon;—
Our amber cheeks its ruby light to shed upon!
Wash us in't, when we die; and let the trees
Of our vineyards yield the bier that we lie dead upon!

—

May the circulating bottle never
Cause our heads to turn with it.

—

May the joys of to-day be those of to-morrow,
The goblet of life holds no days of sorrow.—Foreman.

—

May the brimming bowl with a wreath be crowned,
And quaff the draught divine!
Comrades, not in the world is found
Such another wine.

—

I wonder often what the vintners buy
One half so precious as the stuff they sell.

—

Fill me, lad, as deep a draught,
As e'er was filled, as e'er was quaff'd.

Grasp the bowl; in nectar sinking
Man of sorrow, drown thy thinking!

—

Come goblet—nymph, of heavenly shape,
Pour the rich weepings of the grape.

—

When I drink, the bliss is mine;
There's bliss in every drop of wine!

—

Here's to beauty, wit and wine and to a full stomach, a full purse and a light heart.

—

Now, drop thy goblet's richest tear
In exquisite libation here!

—

God made man
As frail as a bubble,
God made love,
And love made trouble,
God made wine,
And is it any sin
For man to drink wine
To drown trouble in?

—

Sparkling and bright in the liquid light,
Does the wine of our goblets gleam in;
With hue as red as the rosy bed
Which a bee would choose to dream in.
Then fill to-night, with hearts as light,
To love as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

—Charles Feno Hoffman.

Pledge it merrily; fill your glasses!
Let the bumper toast go round.

—

Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain
With grammar and nonsense and learning;
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives genius a better discerning.—Goldsmith.

—

The grape that can with logic absolute
The two and seventy jarring sects confute;
The sovereign alchemist that in a trice
Life's leaden metal into gold transmutes.

—

Here's to a "Dram" and a good long one.

—

Drink wine! for I tell thee four times o'er and more,
Return there is none!—Once gone we are gone forever!

—

Yes, be the glorious revel mine,
Where humor sparkles from the wine!

—

Here is a riddle most abstruse:
Cans't read the answer right?
Why is it that my tongue grows loose
Only when I grow tight?

—

Since the moon and the star of eve first shone on high,
Nought has been known with ruby wine could vie.

—

Press the grape and let it pour
Around the board its purple show'r;
And while the sweet drops our goblets fill,
We'll anticipate the joyous thrill.

When I drink, my heart refines
And rises as the cup declines;
Rises in the genial flow,
That none but social spirits know.

—

To-day we'll haste to quaff our wine,
As if to-morrow ne'er should shine;
But if to-morrow comes, why then—
We'll haste to quaff our wine again.

—

To him that courts the phantom Care,
Let him retire and shroud him there;
While we exhaust the nectar'd bowl,
And swell the choral song of soul.

—

When our thirsty souls we steep,
Every sorrow's lull'd to sleep.
Talk of monarchs! we are then
Richest, happiest, first of men.

—

Sing and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air,
The echoes bound to a joyous sound,
And good wine banishes care.

—

That Adam ate, not that he drank,
Was he from Eden's garden driven;
And what he lost by eating then
To us anew by wine is given;
Yes! wine restores those Eden days,
So here's to wine and jolly lays!

—

You know, my Friends, with what a brave carouse
I made a second Marriage in my house;

Divorced old barren Reason from my bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to spouse.

—

In the days of my youth, when the heart's in its spring,
And dreams that affection can never take wing
I had friends!—who has not?—but what tongue will avow,
That friends, rosy wine! are so faithful as thou?

—

If any mortal rash should dare
To cast a slur on wine divine,
Toss him in the depths of ocean
And let him pickle in the brine!
While we enjoy our holidays,
And drink and sing our jolly lays!

—

I pray thee, by the gods above,
Give me the mighty bowl I love,
And let me sing, in wild delight,
"I will—I will be mad to-night!"

—

Let me, oh, my budding vine,
Spill no other blood than thine.
Yonder brimming goblet see,
That alone shall vanquish me.

—

Oh! let us quaff the rosy wave,
Which Bacchus loves, which Bacchus gave;
And in the goblet rich and deep,
Lull our crying woes to sleep.

—

When I drink, I feel, I feel,
Visions of poetic zeal!
Warm with the goblets fresh'ning dews,
My heart invokes the heavenly Muse.

When I drink my sorrow's o'er;
I think of doubts and fears no more;
But scatter to the railing wind
Each gloomy phantom of the mind!
When I drink, the jesting boy
Bacchus himself partakes my joy.

—

While our inglorious, placid souls
Breathe not a wish beyond the bowls,
Fill them high ye ruddy slaves,
And bathe us in their honied waves!

—

Behold! my boys a goblet bear,
Whose sunny foam bedews the air,
Where are now the tear, the sigh?
To the winds they fly, they fly!

—

Let us drain the nectar bowl,
Let us raise the song of soul,
To him, the god who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell!

—

Why, be this juice the growth of God, who dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a snare?
A blessing, we should use it, should we not?
And if a curse—why, then, who set it there?

—

Woulds't thou know what first
Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit?
It chanc'd upon that day,
When, as the bards inform us,
Prometheus stole away
The living fires that warm us.

How sweet to mark the pouting vine,
Ready to fall in tears of wine;
Where the imbowering branches meet—
Oh! is not this divinely sweet?

—

Say, why did Time
His glass sublime
Fill up with sand unsightly,
When wine, he knew,
Runs brisker through
And sparkles far more brightly.

—

Oh! when the ripe and vermil wine,
Sweet infant of the pregnant vine,
Which now in mellow clusters swells,
Oh! when it bursts its rosy cells,
The heavenly stream shall mantling flow,
To balsam every mortal woe.

—

Mix me, now, a cup divine,
Crystal water, ruby wine:
Here—upon this holy bowl,
I surrender all my soul.

—

Oh! can the tears we lend to thought
In life's account avail us aught?
Can we discern, with all our lore,
The path we're yet to journey o'er?
No, No! the walk of life is dark;
'Tis wine alone can strike a spark!

—

Let us the festal hours beguile
With mantling cup and cordial smile

And shed from every bowl of wine
The richest drop on Bacchus' shrine.
For Death may come with brow unpleasant,
May come when least we wish him present,
And beckon to the sable shore,
And grimly bid us—drink no more!

—

Then the season of youth and its vanities past,
For refuge we fly to the goblet at last;
Then we find—do we not? in the flow of the soul
That truth, as of yore, is confined to the bowl.

—

When Bacchus, Jove's immortal boy,
The rosy harbinger of Joy,
Who with the sunshine of the bowl,
Thaws the winter of our soul;
When to my inmost core he glides,
And bathes it with his ruby tides,
A flow of joy, a lively heat,
Fires my brain, and wings my feet,
'Tis surely something sweet, I think,
Nay, something heavenly sweet to drink!

—

Long life to the grape! for when summer is flown,
The age of our nectar shall gladden our own;
We must die—who shall not?—may our sins be forgiven
And Hebe shall never be idle in Heaven.

—

Here's to a fresh bumper—for why should we go
While the nectar still reddens our cups as they flow?
Pour out the rich juices still bright with the sun,
Till o'er the brimmed crystal the rubies shall run.
The purple-globed clusters their life-dews have bled;
How sweet is the breath of the fragrance they shed!

For Summer's last roses lie hid in the wines
That were garnered by maidens who laughed through the vines.
Then a smile and a glass and a toast and a cheer,
For all the good wine, and we've some of it here!
In cellar, in pantry, in attic, in hall,
Long live the gay servant that laughs for us all!—Holmes.

—

Now quickly by the Tavern Door agape,
Came shining through the dusk a nymphean shape
Bearing a vessel on her shoulder; and
She bid me taste of it; and 'twas the grape!

—

Now the star of day is high,
Fly, my girls, in pity fly,
Bring me wine in brimming urns,
Cool my lip—it burns, it burns!

—

Here's to a long life and a merry one,
A quick death and an easy one,
A pretty girl and a true one,
A cold bottle and another one.

—

Here's to old wine and young women.

—

In woman I'll take youth, and seek for age in wine.

—

Here's to the girl I love,
I wish that she were nigh;
If drinking beer would bring her here,
I'd drink the damn place dry.

Friend of my soul! this goblet sip—
'Twill chase the pensive tear;
'Tis not so sweet as a woman's lip,
But, O! 'tis more sincere.
Like her delusive beam,
'Twill steal away the mind,
But unlike affection's dream,
It leaves no sting behind.—Tom Moore.

—

Brisk wine and lovely women are
The source of all our joys;
A bumper softens every care,
And beauty never cloys.
Then let us drink and let us love
While yet our hearts are gay;
Women and wine we all approve
As blessing night and day.

—

'Tween woman and wine a man's lot is to smart,
For wine makes his head ache and woman his heart.

—

"Bacchus that first from out the purple grape
Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine."

—

Quaff the inspiring magic stream,
And rave in wild prophetic dream;
But frenzied dreams are not for me,
Great Bacchus is my deity!

—

Strew me a breathing bed of leaves,
Where lotus with the myrtle weaves;
And while in luxury's dream I sink,
Let me the balm of Bacchus drink!

The juice of the grape is given to him who will use it wisely,
As that which cheers the heart of men after toil,
Refreshes him in sickness and comforts him in sorrow.
He who enjoyeth it may thank God for his wine cup as for his daily bread.
And he who abuses the gift of heaven is not a greater fool than thou in thine abstinence.

—

Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,
Sermons and soda-water the day after.—Lord Byron.

—

I wish that my room had a floor;
I don't so much care for a door,
But this walking around
Without touching the ground
Is getting to be such a bore.—Burgess.

—

The Devil was sick—
The Devil a monk would be;
The Devil was well—
The Devil a monk was he.—Rabelais.

—

The drink comforteth the brain and heart and helpeth the digestion.—Francis Bacon.

—

## TO CHAMPAGNE.

Here's to champagne, the drink divine,
That makes us forget our troubles;
It's made of a dollar's worth of wine
And three dollars' worth of bubbles

## TOAST TO JOHN BARLEYCORN.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise;
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

—

## WINE AND WOMEN.

Behold my wine-glass, 'tis filled to the brim,
With soul-stirring nectar, and I drink it to him,
Who feels, as he kisses its contents away,
It was made to gladden, and not to betray,
For wine is like woman, and like her was given
To man on earth as a foretaste of heaven;
Like her eye it sparkles; like her cheek it glows,
When pressed to the lips of the lover who knows
How to keep and cherish these treasures of earth;
For him was woman made, for him the wine's birth;
Then fill up your glasses, fill quite to the brim,
And drink with me to the health of him
Who feels as he kisses its contents away
It was made to gladden, but not to betray.

Merrily yours,
Marshal P. Wilder.

—

## TO WOMEN, WINE AND SONG.

Who loves not women, wine and song,
Will be a fool his whole life long.

## TO WINE AND THOU.

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

—From the Persian.

—

## TO LOVE AND DRINK.

Away, away, ye men of rules,
What have we to do with schools?
They'd make us learn, they'd make us think,
But would they make us love and drink?

—

## TO WINE AND YOUTH.

Fill up, fill up and let us swim
Our souls upon the goblet's brim;
Age begins to blanch the brow,
We've time for nought but pleasure now.

—

## TO WINE AND YOUTH.

Before our fading years decline,
Let us quaff the brimming wine.

—

## TO WINE AND HADES.

I'll quaff, my boy, and calmly sink
This soul to slumber as I drink.
Soon, too soon, my comrade brave,
You'll deck your partner's grassy grave;
And there's an end—for ah! you know
They drink but little wine below.

## TO CUPID, WINE AND LIBERTY.

Come, fill the glass and drain the bowl;
May love and Bacchus still agree;
And every American warm his soul
With Cupid, Wine and Liberty.

—

## WINE AND WISDOM.

Here's to wine, wit and wisdom—wine
Enough to sharpen wit; wit enough to
Give zest to wine and wisdom enough
To know when we have had enough.

—

## TO BACCHUS.

"In chorus we sing of wine, sweet wine,
Its power benign and its flavor divine."

—De La Rosa.

—

## WINE AND LOVE.

Wine is good, love is good,
And all is good if understood;
The sin is not in doing,
But in overdoing.
How much of mine has gone that way?
Alas! How much more that may?

—

## TO WINE AND LAUGHTER.

Some take their gold
In minted mold,
And some in harps hereafter,
But give me mine
In bubbles fine,
And keep the change in laughter.

## WINE AND FRIENDSHIP.

"And, lo, sweet friend! behold this cup,
Round which the garlands intertwine;
With Massic it is foaming up,
And we would drink to thee and thine,
And of the draft thou shalt partake."

—Eugene Field.

—

## WINE AND KISSES.

"Fill the bowl with flowing wine,
And while your lips are wet
Press their fragrance into mine
And forget:
Every kiss we take and give
Leaves us less of life to live."

—

## TOAST TO A PUNCH BOWL.

Then to this earthen bowl shall we adjourn
Our lips the secret well of life to learn:
And lip to lip it murmur'd—"While you live
Drink!—for once dead you never shall return."

—

## TOAST TO A BOTTLE.

No churchman am I to rail and to write,
No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,
No sly man of business contriving a snare,
For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.

—

## TO THE WINE GLASS.

Within this goblet, rich and deep,
I cradle all my woes to sleep.

## TO A VISION.

'Twas night, and many a circling bowl
Had deeply warmed my swimming soul;
As lull'd in slumber I was laid,
Bright visions o'er my fancy play'd!
With virgins blooming as the dawn,
I seem'd to trace the opening lawn;
Light, on tiptoe bath'd in dew,
We flew and sported as we flew!
Some ruddy striplings, young and sleek,
With blush of Bacchus on their cheek,
Saw me trip the flowery wild
With dimpled girls and slily smil'd;
Smil'd indeed with wanton glee,
But, ah! 'twas plain they envied me.
—Anacreon (Moore's translation).

—

## TO TAKING THE PLEDGE.

Take the glass away—
I know I hadn't oughter—
I'll take a pledge—I will—
I never will drink water.

—

## TO A TEETOTALER.

A fig then for Burgundy, Claret or Mountain,
A few scanty glasses must limit your wish;
But he's the true toper that goes to the fountain,
The drinker that verily "drinks like a fish!"

## DAY AFTER.

"'A wet night maketh a dry morning,'
Quoth Hendyng, 'rede ye right;
And the cure most fair is the self-same hair
Of the dog that gave the bite.'"—Punderson.

—

## TO A HAPPY DEATH.

Bacchus has drowned more men than Neptune.

—

## TO R-E-M-O-R-S-E.

Those dry Martinis were too much for me,
Last night I really felt immense,
To-day I feel like thirty cents;
It is no time for mirth and laughter
In the cold gray dawn of the morning after.

—George Ade.

—

## RIP VAN WINKLE'S TOAST.

Here is your goot helt,
Und your family's goot helt,
Und may you all live long und brosper.

—

## TO HOPE.

Then fill the bowl—away with gloom!
Our joys shall always last;
For Hope shall brighten days to come,
And mem'ry gild the past!

## TO SWEARING OFF.

Drink and the world drinks with you,
Swear off and you drink alone.

—

## TO A TOPER.

Drink! and we'll ne're be planted deep;
Drink! and our graves will ne'er be dug;
No wives and kids will stand round and weep,
For they'll just pour us back in the jug.

—Asa Arp.

# WOMAN

## CHAPTER II

## WOMAN

" She needs no eulogy:—she speaks for herself."

—

Here's to Woman,—" The fairest work of the Great Author. The edition is large, and no man should be without a copy."

—

" As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman;
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other."

—

When Eve upon the first of men
The apple pressed, with specious cant,
Oh! what a thousand pities then
That Adam was not Adamant!—Thomas Hood.

—

" When Eve brought woe to all mankind,
Old Adam called her woe-man;
But when she woo'd with love so kind,
He then pronounced her woman.
" But now, with folly and with pride,
Their husband's pockets trimming,
The ladies are so full of whims
That people call them w(h)immen."

It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her name,
It heats me, it beats me,
And sets me a' on flame.—Burns.

—

Be thou but fair,—mankind adore thee!
Smile,—and a world is weak before thee!—Tom Moore.

—

O woman! whose form and whose soul are the spell and the light of each path we pursue;
Whether sunned at the tropics or chilled at the pole,
If woman be there, there is happiness too.—Moore.

—

Favors to none, to all she smiles extends.
Oft she regrets, but never once offends.

—

Here's to woman; if she cannot be captain of a ship, may she always command a smack.

—

To those who know thee not, no words can paint;
And those who know thee, know all words are faint!
—Hannah Moore.

—

,There's a purple half to the grape, a mellow half to the peach, a sunny half to the globe, and a better half to man.

—

May the arms of all true lovers be made strong enough to defend the gentle sex.

—

Women—Let us not forget that when men are most enlightened, she is most respected and beloved.

Ladies, like towns besieged, for honor's sake
Will some defence, or its appearance, make.—Crabbe.

—

If eyes like thine can falsely shine,
I'll cease to look for truth on earth,
If lips so sweet can breathe deceit,
Ne'er trust I more to woman's worth.—Byron.

—

Here's to the best and dearest gift to man—a gentle and lovely woman.

—

Here's to charms that strike the sight and merit that wins the heart.

—

If all God's world a garden were,
If women were but flowers;
If men were bees that busied there,
Through all the summer hours,—
Oh, I would hum God's garden through
For honey, till I came to you.

—

For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles,
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill,
A perfect woman nobly planned,
To warm, to comfort and command.—Wordsworth.

—

Woman—the conundrum of the age. We can't guess her, but we'll never give her up!

—

O woman! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy and hard to please,

And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made—
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.—Scott.

—

Here's to the good graces of a lovely woman—Something that every man craves.

—

Drink to fair woman, who, I think,
Is most entitled to it,
For if anything ever can drive me to drink,
She certainly could do it.—B. Jabez Jenkins.

—

Here's to the ladies—Sweet briars in the garden of life.

—

Here's to the ladies.—the only endurable aristocracy, who elect without voting, rule without laws, judge without jury, decide without appeal, and are never in the wrong.

—

Here's to woman, the only sewing machine that ever basted a goose.

—

The Ladies: They are the sweetness of our recreations, the alleviators of our toils and troubles, and the great inciters to noble deeds and gallant acts.

—

Whom the ruby wine doth intoxicate
Shall sober when the fumes are blown away;
But whom fair woman doth intoxicate
Shall sober not until Judgment-day.

The wimmin!
So let us all; yes, by that love which all our lives rejoices,
By those dear eyes that speak to us with love's seraphic voices,
By those dear arms that will infold us when we sleep forever,
By those dear lips that kiss the lips that may give answer never,
By mem'ries lurkin' in our hearts an' all our eyes bedimmin',
We'll drink a health to those we love an' who love us—the wimmin!

—

Endless torments dwell about thee,
Yet who would live and live without thee.

—

As for the women, though we scorn and flout 'em,
We may live with, but not without them.

—

Here's to woman, by nature a thing of change.

—

You may run the whole gamut of color and shade,
A pretty girl—however you dress her—
Is the prettiest thing that ever was made,
And the last one is always the prettiest.
Bless her!

—

Woman: Gentle, patient, self-denying; without her, man would be a savage and the earth a desert.

—

Of all your beauties, one by one,
I pledge, dear, I am thinking
Before the tale were well begun
I had been dead of drinking.

May the blossoms of love never be blighted,
And a true-hearted young woman never be slighted.

—

*Here's to the Ladies*—We admire them for their beauty, respect them for their intelligence, adore them for their virtue, and love them, because we can't help it.

—

For though they almost blush to reign,
Though love's own flowers wreathe the chain,
Disguise the bondage as we will,
'Tis woman—woman rules us still.

—

To Woman: The better half of man.

—

O woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please;
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

—

From woman's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They are the books, the arts, the academies,
That's how, contain, and nourish all the world.
—Shakespeare.

—

Here's to a Pat Hand of Queens: Mother, Wife, Sister and Sweetheart; the noblest of all God's creations—pure, beautiful woman.

## TOAST TO THE ORIGIN OF WOMAN.

They tell us that woman was made of a rib,
Just picked from a corner, so snug in the side,
But the Robins swear to you that this is a fib,
And 't was not so at all that the sex was supplied.

For old Adam was fashion'd the first of his kind,
With a tail like a monkey, full a yard and a span;
And when nature cut off this appendage behind,
Why then woman was made of the tail of the man.

If such is the tie between women and men,
The ninny who weds is a pitiful elf;
For he takes to his tail, like an idiot, again,
And makes a most horrible ape of himself.

Yet, if we may judge, as the fashions prevail,
Every husband remembers the original plan;
And, knowing his wife is no more than his tail,
Why—he leaves her behind him as much as he can.

—Moore.

—

## THE SPHERE OF WOMAN.

They talk about a woman's sphere as though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth—without a woman in it.

## INSURANCE MAN'S TOAST TO THE LADIES.

Long, long ago there was a man,
Who called himself knight errant, sir,
Who, as the ladies' friend did rove,
Protecting them from tyrants, sir:
But, ladies, I'm your best friend now,
As good as any lover t' ye,
For all my object's to endow,
And save you, dears, from poverty.

—

## TO THE COURTEOUS WOMAN.

She's decidedly homely; I don't like her eyes,
And the shade of her hair is a tint I despise,
Her complexion is bad, unattractive her chin;
Her mouth is too large, her nose is too thin.
But all of these things are but trifles in life,
Compared with true graces, I'll make her my wife,
For I gave up my seat in the street car to her,
And she looked at me kindly and said, "Thank you, sir."

—

## TO A SOPHISTICATED GIRL.

Toasts of love to the timid dove
Are always going 'round;
Let mine be heard by the untamed bird,
And make your glasses sound.

—

## TO A BUTTERFLY.

Who never knew misfortune, lived but half;
Who never wept, ne'er heartily did laugh;
Who never failed could scarce have striven and wrought;
Who never doubted, hardly could have thought.

## TO THE COQUETTE.

Health to the bold and dashing coquette,
Who careth not for me;
Whose heart, untouched by love as yet,
Is wild and fancy free.

—

## TO A COQUETTE.

Here's lovers two to the maiden true,
And four to the maid caressing;
But the wayward girl with the lips that curl
Keeps twenty lovers guessing.

—

## TO THE COQUETTE.

A mocking eye,
A pair of lips
That's often why
A fellow trips.

—

## TO THE BAR-MAID.

Sweet maid of the inn,
'Tis surely no sin
To toast such a beautiful bar-pet:
Believe me, my dear,
Your feet would appear
At home on a nobleman's carpet.

—

## TO A LASS.

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting, extravagant queen,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

Let the toast pass—
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.
—Sheridan.

—

## TO WOMAN'S WILL.

Men, dying, make their wills, but wives
Escape a work so sad;
Why should they make what all their lives
The gentle dames have had.

—

## TO WOMAN AND GOOD HEALTH.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon.
Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.—Edward Coate Pickney.

—

## TO TRUTHFUL WOMAN.

Here's to the love that lies in woman's eyes,
And lies, and lies, and lies.

—

## TO CONTRARY WOMAN.

Here's to Woman, the source of all our bliss,
There's a foretaste of heaven for us in her kiss,
But from Queen on her throne to a maid in her dairy,
They're all alike in one respect
——Contrary.

## TO THE LASSES.

Here's a health to all good lasses.

—

## TO A MAID.

Here's to the maid who is constant and kind.

—

## TO A MAIDEN.

A health to the maid with a bosom of snow,
And to her with a face brown as a berry;
A health to the wife that looks up with woe,
And a health to the damsel that's merry!

—

## TO MERRY MAIDENS.

May merry maidens be blessed with laughing lovers.

—

## TO MAIDENS.

Maids want nothing but husbands, and when they have them, they want everything.

—

## TOAST TO THE SUFFRAGETTES.

I've burnt the midnight oil, many knotty problems solving;
I've ponder'd o'er human woes, including those involving
The rights of lovely women, to which they cling like leeches;
But, tell me, (for I'm all at Sea,
As to what the moral teaches)
When the dears go out to vote, are they to wear our breeches?

—Paul Lowe.

## LAWYER'S TOAST TO WOMAN.

Fee simple and a simple fee,
And all the fees entail,
Are nothing when compared with thee,
Thou best of all fees, fe-male.

—

## TOAST OF LAWYER'S DAUGHTER.

To me, I swear, you're a volume rare—
Said she with judicial look,
Your oath's not valid at Common Law
Until you've kissed the book.

—

## TO THE PETTICOAT CREW.

Here's to the club girl,
Here's to the tub girl,
Here's to the lass who looks you through;
Here's to the mannish girl,
Here's to the clannish girl—
Drink to 'em standing—the petticoat crew!

—

## TO A SWEET GIRL GRADUATE.

Hail to the graduating girl,
She's sweeter, far, than some,
For while she speaks she talks no slang,
And chews no chewing gum.

—

## TO WOMAN AND SECRETS.

Secrets with girls, like guns with boys,
Are never valued 'till they make a noise.

—Crabbe.

# LOVE

## CHAPTER III

## LOVE

We'll drink to love! Love, the one irresistible force that annihilates distance, caste, prejudice and principles! Love, the pastime of the Occident, the passion of the East! Love, that stealeth upon us, like a thief in the night, robbing us of rest, but bestowing in its place a gift more precious than the sweetest sleep! Love is the burden of my toast. Here's looking at you!

—

May the sparks of love burst into flames that no adversity can extinguish.

—

Here's to love; may it never make a wise man play the fool.

—

Wine is good,
Love is better;
False morals spin a spider's fetter.
So fill up the bowl,
Be a jolly old soul,
And you'll be loved by your girl when you get her.
—Odin Optic.

—

May those now love
Who've never loved before,
May those who've loved
Now love the more.

May the garlands of love ever entwine the brows of faithful lovers.

—

Man's love is of his life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence.—Byron.

—

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the whole world dies
With the dying sun;
The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

—

Here's to Love—the only fire against which there is no insurance.

—

Here's to love, liberty and length of blissful days.

—

No soul can ever clearly see
Another's highest, noblest part;
Save through the sweet philosophy
And loving wisdom of the heart.

—

Here's a health to the Future;
A sigh for the Past;
We can love and remember,
And hope to the last,

—

And for all the base lies
That the almanacs hold,
While there's love in the heart
We can never grow old.

Here's to somebody—
Somewhere, somebody
Makes love to somebody,
To-night.

—

Here's to love; a thing so divine;
Description makes it but less;
'Tis what we feel but cannot define,
'Tis what we know but cannot express.

—

Love? I will tell thee what it is to love!
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine
Where hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove;
Where time seems young, a Life a thing divine.
All tastes, all pleasures, all desires combine
To Consecrate this sanctuary of bliss,
Above, the stars in cloudless beauty shine;
Around, the streams their flowery margins kiss;
And if there's heaven on earth, that heaven is Surely this.

—

Nothing is sweeter than Love,
Nothing stronger, nothing higher,
Nothing wider, nothing more pleasant,
Nothing fuller or better
In heaven or on earth.—Thomas à Kempis.

—

Alas, the love of woman! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing.—Byron.

## TO OUR SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.

"Gentlemen, fill your glasses. To all of you, to the young man whose true love is as yet a joy unborn of the future; to the man whose true love is a present and glorious reality, and lastly, with all reverence and sympathy, to the man whose true love is a fond memory of the past and a sacred hope of the future, I offer this simple toast and ask you to drink with me, 'to the dearest girl'—God bless her!"—Thomas A Daly.

—

## TO OUR SWEETHEARTS, FRIENDS AND WIVES.

A health to our sweethearts, our friends and our wives,
And may fortune smile on them the rest of their lives.

—

## TO OUR WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS.

Here's to our wives and sweethearts—
And may they never meet.

—

Here's to our sweethearts and our wives;
May our sweethearts soon become our wives.
And our wives ever remain our sweethearts.

—

## TO A SWEETHEART.

Come, fill 'round a bumper, fill up to the brim—
He who shrinks from a bumper I pledge not to him:
Here's to the girl that each loves, be her eyes of what hue,
Or lustre, it may, so her heart is but true.

Drink ye to her that each loves best,
And if you nurse a flame,
That's told but to her mutual breast,
We will not ask her name.—Thomas Campbell.

—

Here's to the prettiest,
Here's to the wittiest,
Here's to the truest of all who are true,
Here's to the neatest one,
Here's to the sweetest one,
Here's to them all in one—here's to you.

—

## TO MY SWEETHEART.

The girl that is witty,
The girl that is pretty,
The girl with an eye as black as a sloe;
Here's to girls of each station
O'er the Yankee nation,
And, in particular, one that I know.

—

## TO A SWEETHEART.

So stir the fire and pour the wine!
And let those azure eyes divine
Pour their love—madness into wine!
I don't care whether
'Tis snow or sun or rain or shine,
If we're together.

Beloved, the briefest words are best;
And all the fine euphonious ways
In which the truth has been expressed
Since Adam's early Eden days,
Could never match the simple phrase,—
Sweetheart, I love you.

—

## TO A LOVED ONE.

Here's to the swan that swims near yon fair shore;
I love one truly and I love no more;
May willow branches bend and break
Before that one I shall forsake.

—

## TO THE GIRL YOU LOVE.

Here's to the girl that I love,
And here's to the girl who loves me,
And here's to all that love her whom I love,
And all those that love her who loves me.

—

## TO THE GIRL WE LOVE.

When the girl we love is our *toast* we don't need *any but her.*

—

## TO A FIANCEE.

I filled to thee, to thee I drank,
I nothing did but drink and fill;
The bowl by turns was bright and bland,
'Twas drinking, filling, drinking still!

At lengh I bid an artist paint
  Thy image in this ample cup,
That I might see the dimpled saint,
  To whom I quaff'd my nectar up.

Behold how bright that purple lip
  Is blushing through the wave at me!
Every roseate drop I sip
  Is just like kissing wine from thee!

But, oh! I drink the more for this;
  For, ever when the draught I drain,
Thy lip invites another kiss,
  And in the nectar flows again.—Moore.

—

## TO A LOVER.

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
  And a smile to those who hate;
And whatever sky's above me,
  Here's a heart for every fate.
Were't the last drop in the well,
  As I gasped upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
  'Tis to thee that I would drink.

—Lord Byron.

—

## LOVED ONES

May we have those in our arms that we love in our hearts.

## TO CONSTANCY.

May Constancy mount the throne of reason, that real love may endure from duty as well as passion.—Asa Arp.

—

Let's be gay while we may,
And seize love with laughter.
I'll be true as long as you,
And not a moment after.

—

My merry, merry, merry roundelay
Concludes with Cupid's curse:
They that do change old love for new,
Pray God they change for worse.—George Peele.

—

You gave me the key of your heart, my love;
Then why do you make me knock?
Oh, that was yesterday, Saints above!
And last night—I changed the lock!
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

—

## TO LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

May love never be accompanied by deceit nor marriage with regret.

—

## TO CUPID.

A toast to Dan Cupid, the great evil-doer,
A merciless rogue—may his darts ne'er grow fewer.

## TO AFFECTION.

Here's to the tears of affection;
May they chrystallize as they fall,
And become pearls, so in after years
To be worn in memory of those whom we have loved.

—

## TO A HOPELESS PASSION.

A mighty pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;
But of all pains the greatest pain
It is to love and love in vain.

—

## TO AN OLD FLAME OF MINE.

Man is fire and woman tow—
The devil knows just when to blow.

—

## TO AN OLD FLAME.

I will drink to the woman who wrought my woe
In the diamond morning of long ago;
To the splendor caught from the orient skies
That thrilled in the dark of her hazel eyes,
Her large eyes filled with the fire of the south,
And the dewy wine of her warm red mouth.—Winter.

—

## TO OUR LATEST LOVE.

Here's to the lasses we've loved, my lad,
Here's to the lips we've pressed;
For of kisses and lasses,
Like liquor in glasses,
The last is always the best.

## LOVE, LIBERTY AND LEARNING.

Here's to love in every breast, liberty in every heart, and learning in every head.

—

## TO LOVE, FRIENDSHIP AND GOOD-WILL.

May we all be blessed with love from one, friendship from many and good-will from all.

—

## TO LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

May love ever be constant and friendship sincere.

—

## TO A DISMISSED LOVER.

Never look sad, there's nothing so bad
As getting familiar with sorrow;
Treat him to-day in a cavalier way,
And he'll seek other quarters to-morrow.

—

## TO OUR AMERICAN BEAUTIES.

May those who'd be rude to American roses
Feel a thorn's fatal prick in their lips and their noses.

—

## TO HER EYES.

Drink to those eyes of azure divine,
Drink to the orbs that sparkle like wine.

—Odin Optic.

## TO OUR IDEAL.

Here's to our ideal; it will be many years before we meet it—meanwhile we'll get married.

—

## TO THE PEERLESS BEAUTY.

Hast thou ne'er marked in festal hall,
Amidst the lights that shone,
Some one who beamed more bright than all—
Some gay—some glorious one!
Some one who in her fairy lightness,
As through the hall she went and came;
And her intensity of brightness,
As ever her eyes sent out their flame,
Was almost foreign to the scene;
Gay as it was with beauty beaming,
Through which she moved: a gemless queen,
A creature of a different seeming
From others of a mortal birth——
An angel sent to walk on earth.

—

## TO A BEAUTY.

Then her lip, so rich in blisses
Sweet petitioner for kisses;
Rosy nest, where lurks persuasion,
Meekly courting Love's invasion.
Next beneath the velvet chin,
Whose dimples hides a love within,
Mould her neck, with grace descending;
While countless charms, above, below,
Sport and flutter round its snow.

—Campbell.

## TO OURSELF.

O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us.—Burns.

—

## THE FAIR BRIDE.

May her voyage through life be as happy and as free
As the dancing waves on the deep blue sea.

—

## TO MY WIFE.

Here's to woman, present and past,
And those who come hereafter;
But if one comes here after us,
We'll have no cause for laughter.

—

Here's to my wife!
Wish her long life!
She's mighty good looking, unrivaled at cooking;
Knows all about medicine, as inventive as Edison;
Just plumb full of grit, has no equal for wit;
Sees the point when I joke, insists that I smoke;
Never chews the rag when I get a jag;
She knows how to sew, still calls me her beau.

—

Here's to a good wife,
The greatest blessing Heaven can send—

—

Here's to her who halves our sorrows and doubles our joys.

## THE WEDDING RING.

Here's to the wedding ring worn thin; ah, summers not a few,
Since I put it on your finger first, have passed o'er me and you
And, love, what changes we have seen—what cares and pleasures, too—
Since you became my own dear wife, when this old ring was new.

—

## TO A WIFE.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine

—

A good wife and health
Are a man's best wealth.

—

Here's to the white man's wife—
The white man's aid,
But not his burden.

—

Here's to our wives, who fill our lives
With little bees and honey!
They break life's shocks, they mend our socks
But don't they spend the money!

—

## TO A HOUSEWIFE.

May your coffee and slanders against you be ever alike —without grounds.

Here's to the lady, well versed in the arts,
Of Pies, Puddings and—— Tarts.

—

## TO MARRIED LIFE.

When wealth weds wealth in the game of life,
By cynics it is stated,
'Tis not for love, but man and wife
Each wish to be cheque-mated.

—

## TOAST ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF A GOLDEN WEDDING.

Come, dear wife, fill the bowl,
I drink to love and thee;
Thou never can'st decay in soul,
Thou'lt still be young to me.

—

## MARRIAGE.

"When we go home late, may we find our wives where Cain found his—in the land of Nod."

# LIFE

## CHAPTER IV

### LIFE

Life's a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once and now I know it.—Gay.

—

While we live, let's live in clover,
For when we're dead, we're dead all over.

—

Misfortunes never come single,
And so, like birds of feather,
The marriages and the deaths
Are always printed together.

—

It's better to smoke here than hereafter.

—

As we ride over the bad roads of life, may good wine be our spur.

—

May the Lord love us, but not call us too soon.

—

Ah, my Beloved, fill the cup that clears
To-DAY of past regret and future fears:
To-MORROW!—Why, to-morrow I may be
Myself with YESTERDAY'S seven thousand years.

—

Here's to long life, true love and boundless liberty.

—

After we have weathered the storm of life, may we drop quietly and gratefully into the harbor of eternal bliss.

Fill the bowl with flowing wine,
And while your lips are wet,
Press their fragrance into mine
And forget.
Every kiss we take and give
Leaves us less of life to live.

—

May the happiest days of your past
Be the saddest days of your future.

—

Here's long life and prosperity.

—

We'll gather Joy's luxuriant flowers,
And gild with bliss our fading hours;
Bacchus shall bid our winter bloom,
And Venus dance us to the tomb!

—

Here's to the world—it takes a long time to feel its pulse.

—

From out the earth we naked sprang,
Thus to the earth we go;
And since at last we nothing have,
Why should we labor so?

—

TO THE JOY OF LIFE.

Oh threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain—This Life flies;
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;
The flower that once has blown forever dies.

—Omar Khayyám.

## TO HUMAN LIFE.

Perpetual strife
Is the life
Of mortal man.
In the hot fire
Of pain and desire,
Is unceasingly wrought,
On the forge of thought,
His being's end.
Only at last
Shall the furnace blast,
When he is old,
Grow cold.

—

May you like all the days of your life.—Swift.

—

## TO LONG LIFE AND PROSPERITY.

May you live as long as you like and have all you like as long as you live.

—

There's room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and lordly train;
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

—

## TO HAPPINESS.

May we never envy those that are happy, but strive to imitate them.

—

May every day be happier than the last.

Then catch the moments as they fly,
And use them as ye ought, man;
Believe me, happiness is shy,
And comes note aye when sought, man.—Burns.

—

May we always imitate those who are happy and never envy them.

—

## TO PLEASURE.

The rose of pleasure without the thorns.

—

The life we love with those we love.

—

## TO HEALTH AND CHEERFULNESS.

Here's to Health and Cheerfulness, which mutually beget each other.

—

## TO DEAR OLD TIMES.

I drink it as the Fates ordain it,
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes;
Fill up the lonely glass and drain it
In memory of dear old times.

—

## TO THE PRESENT MOMENT.

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the dust descend;
Dust into dust and under dust to lie,
Sans WINE, Sans SONG, Sans SINGER, and—Sans END!
—From the Persian.

## TOAST TO TIME.

Ah, fill the cup:—what boots it to repeat
How Time is slipping underneath our feet;
Unborn TO-MORROW, and dead YESTERDAY,
Why fret about them if TO-DAY be sweet!

—

## TO FLEETING TIME.

The moving finger writes; and having writ,
Moves on: nor all our piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all our tears wash out a word of it.

—

Enjoy the spring of Love and Youth,
To some good angel leave the rest,
For all too soon we learn the truth;
There are no birds in the last year's nest.

—

## TO CONTENTMENT.

Oh, there is not in life a pleasure so sweet
As to sit near the window and tilt up your feet,
To puff a Havana whose flavor just suits,
And gaze at the world through the toes of your boots.

—

## TO MARRIAGE.

Here's to the marriage certificate—the strongest bond on the market.

—

To Marriage: The happy estate which resembles a pair of shears; so joined that they cannot be separated; often

moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing anyone who comes between them.

—

Here's to marriage, a feast where the grace is sometimes better than the dinner.

—

Here's to marriage, an institution where one person undertakes to provide happiness for two.

—

He that's married once may be pardoned his infirmity,
He that marries twice is mad.
But if you can find a fool marrying thrice don't spare the lad,
Flog him, Flog him back to school.—Garrick.

—

## TO A BRIDE FROM A BRIDEGROOM.

How like this bowl of wine, my fair,
Our loving life shall fleet;
Though tears may sometimes mingle there,
The draught will still be sweet!

—

Here's to the wings of love;
May they never moult a feather,
Until your little barque and my little barque
Sail down life's stream together.

—

## BRIDE AND GROOM.

"The Happy Couple—May we all live to be present at their golden wedding."

## THE BRIDE AND THE BRIDEGROOM.

Let us drink to their health and prosperity; may they have a joyous bridal trip, and may their journey through life be over a pleasant road without any embarrassment that energy and love cannot easily overcome.

—

## TO THE SINGLE AND MATED.

May the single be married and the married happy.

—

## TOAST AT A WEDDING.

Every wedding, says the proverb,
  Makes another, soon or late.
Never yet was marriage entered
  In the heavenly book of fate.
But what the names were also written,
  Of a patient pair who wait.

Whose will be the next occasion
  For the flowers, the feast, the wine?
Thine, perchance, fairest maiden,
  Or, who knows it may be mine.
What if 'twere, forgive the fancy,
  What if 'twere both thine and mine.

# KISSING

## CHAPTER V.

### KISSING

Yesterday's, yesterday, while to-day's here,
To-day's, to-day until to-morrow appears,
To-morrow's, to-morrow until to-day's past,
And kisses are kisses as long as they last.

—

Here's to the lad valiant and bold,
Who kiss'd the maid, modest and meek;
When he'd kiss'd one side times untold,
She calmly turned the other cheek.

—Harry Hawkeye.

—

### TO A KISS.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not look for wine,
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change from thine.

—Ben Johnson.

—

Here's to the germ theory! It has made human life the most dangerous of all experiments.—Asa Arp.

## TO GIRLS AND KISSES.

May we kiss all the girls we please, and please all the girls we kiss.

—

## KISS.

"It is a noun both common and proper,
Not very singular, and agrees with both you and me."

—

They say microbes dwell in a kiss
This rumor is most rife,
Come, lady dear, and make of me
An invalid for life.—Anon.

—

## KISSING.

Unto that flowery cup I bent once more,
Again she showed no seeming to abhor
But at the third kiss all she asked me was:
Is this all you came to see me for?—Wallace Irwin.

—

## TO TWO COUPLES.

Here's to you two and to we two;
If you two love we two
As we two love you two,
Then here's to we four;
But if you two don't love we two,
As we two love you two,
Then here's to we two and no more.

Leave politics to statesmen and thinkers,
But be jolly here with merry drinkers.

—

## TO THEE.

Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.—Byron.

—

## TO YOU.

Here's to the merry old world,
And the days—be they bright or blue—
Here's to the Fates, let them bring what they may,
But the best of them all—That's you!

—

## TO YOU AND ME.

Here's to you as good as you are,
And to me as bad as I am;
As good as you are and as bad as I am,
I'm as good you are, as bad as I am.

—

Here's to one and only one,
And may that one be she
Who loves but one and only one,
And may that one be me.

—

## TO ME AND YOU.

A cheerful glass, a pretty lass,
A friend sincere and true,
Blooming health, good store of wealth,
Attend on me and you.

## TO HER AND TO YOU.

When e'er with friends I drink
Of one I always think:
She's pretty, she's witty, and so true;
So with joy and great delight
I'll drink to her to-night,
And when doing so think none the less of you!

# GOOD FELLOWSHIP

## CHAPTER VI

## GOOD FELLOWSHIP

We come into this world all naked and bare;
We go through this world full of sorrow and care;
We go out of this world, we know not where,
But if we're good fellows here, we'll be thoroughbreds there.

—

Here's to the health of everybody, lest somebody should feel himself slighted.

—

A glass is good, a lass is good,
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather,
The world is good and the people are good,
And we're all good fellows together.

—

A dinner, coffee and cigars,
Of friends, a half a score,
Each favorite vintage in its turn,—
What man could wish for more?

—

"Happy days."

—

"Set 'em up again."

Here's to the four hinges of Friendship—
Swearing, Lying, Stealing and Drinking.
When you swear, swear by your country;
When you lie, lie for a pretty woman,
When you steal, steal away from bad company
And when you drink, drink with me.

—

Let's have a nip.

—

May good humor preside when good fellows meet,
And reason prescribe when 'tis time to retreat.

—

Heaven give thee many, many merry days.—Shakespeare.

—

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own;
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.
—Dryden.

—

There's fellowship
In every sip
Of friendship's brew.

—

He who goes to bed, and goes to bed sober,
Falls as the leaves do, and dies in October;
But he who goes to bed, and does so mellow,
Lives as he ought to, and dies a good fellow.
—Parody on Fletcher.

—

Here's to Venus, queen of wiles,
And Bacchus, shedding rosy smiles,
All, all are here, so hail with glee
The genius of festivity!

"Here's to those who love us,
And here's to those who don't,
A smile for those who are willing to,
And a tear for those who won't."

—

"God made man
Frail as a bubble.
God made love;
Love made trouble.
God made the vine;
Was it a sin
That man made wine
To drown trouble in?"

—

To drink to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the breakers' brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

—Charles Hoffman.

—

To the old, long life and treasure;
To the young, all health and pleasure.
Let the world slide, let the world go;
A fig for care, and a fig for woe;
If I can't pay, why I can owe,
And death makes equal the high and low.—Heywood.

—

Comrades, pour the wine to-night,
For the parting is with dawn.
Oh! the clink of cups together,
With the daylight coming on!
Greet the morn
With a double horn,
When strong men drink together.—Richard Hovey.

"Happy are we met, happy have we been,
Happy may we part, and happy meet again."

—

Had Neptune when first he took charge of the Sea,
Been as wise, or at least been as merry as we,
He'd have thought better on't and instead of his brine,
Would have filled the vast ocean with generous wine.
Mr. Popely.

—

Care to our coffins adds a nail, no doubt;
And every grin so merry draws one out.—Dr. Wolcot.

—

"Come, fill the bowl, each jolly soul;
Let Bacchus guide our revels;
Join cup to lip, with 'hip, hip, hip',
And bury the blue devils."

—

Here's to mine and here's to thine!
Now's the time to clink it!
Here's a flagon of old wine,
And here we are to drink it.—Richard Hovey.

—

Come, once more, a bumper!—then drink as you please,
Tho' who could fill half-way to toasts such as these?
Here's our next joyous meeting—and, oh, when we meet,
May our wine be as bright and our union as sweet!
—Tom Moore.

—

"To the most perfect gentleman I ever saw: He turned his back on me—while I poured myself a drink from his own decanter."

Some men want youth and others health,
Some from a wife will often shrink;
Some men want wit and others wealth—
May we want nothing but to drink.

—

Drink, boys, drink, and drive away sorrow—
Perhaps we may not drink again to-morrow.

—

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year;
Not cold enough for whiskey hot, but too damn cold for beer."

—

"In for a high old frolic,
Chiefly alcoholic."

—

Knock and the world knocks with you,
Boost and you boost alone.
The bad old earth is a foe to mirth,
And has a hammer as large as your own.
Buy and the gang will answer,
Sponge and they stand and sneer;
The revelers joined to a joyous sound
And shout from refusing beer.
Be rich and the men will seek you,
Poor, and they turn and go—
You're a mighty good fellow when you are mellow,
And your pockets are lined with dough.
Be flush and your friends are many,
Go broke and you lose them all.
You're a dandy old sport at $4.00 a quart,
But not if you chance to fall.

Praise and the cheers are many,
Beef and the world goes by,
Be smooth and slick and the gang will stick
As close as a hungry fly.
There is always a crowd to help you
A copious draught to drain,
When the gang is gone you must bear alone
The harrowing stroke of pain.

—

## FRIENDSHIP.

"Friendly may we part and quickly meet again."

—

There's fellowship
In every sip
Of friendship's brew, we think.—Eugene Field.

—

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.
—Shakespeare.

—

"Here's hoping that my Uncle's Niece,
And your Aunt's Nephew,
May always be the best of friends."

—

Here's to the hand of friendship,
Sincere, twice-tried and true,
That smiles in the hour of triumph
And laughs at its joy with you,
Yet stands in the night of sorrow
Close by when the shadows fall,
And never turns the picture
Of an old friend to the wall.—Unknown.

Long be the flame of memory found,
Alive within the social glass,
Let that be still the magic round,
O'er which oblivion dares not pass!

—

May the lamp of friendship be lighted by the oil of sincerity.

—

Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
Let sympathy pledge us, through pleasure, through pain,
That, fast as feeling but touches one link,
Her magic shall send it direct through the chain.

—

May we be rich in friends rather than money.

—

Among the good things
That good wine brings,
What is better than laughter,
That rings
In a revery,
That makes better friends
Of you and me.

—

May we never see an old friend with a new face.

—

Here's to the friends we class as old,
And here's to those we class as new;
May the new soon grow to us old,
And the old ne'er grow to us new.

—

Friendship above all ties bind the heart
And faith in friendship is the noblest part.

—Earl of Owery.

## TO OUR FRIENDS.

The Lord gives our relatives,
Thank God we can choose our friends.

—

## TO FRIENDSHIP, FREEDOM AND WINE.

Here's to the triple alliance—
Friendship, Freedom and Wine.

—

## FAST FRIENDS.

It's better to make friends fast
Than to make fast friends.

—

## TO OUR FRIENDS.

Here's Champagne to our real friends.
And real pain to our sham friends.

—

## TO DEAR FRIENDS.

Wash me when dead in the juice of the wine, dear friends!
Let your funeral service be drinking and wine, dear friends!
And if you would meet me again when the Doomsday comes,
Search the dust of the tavern, and sift from it mine, dear friends!

—

## TO OUR ABSENT FRIENDS.

Although out of sight, we recognize them with our glasses.

## TO ABSENT FRIENDS.

At all your feasts, remember too,
When cups are sparkling to the brim
That there is one who drinks to you,
And oh! as warmly drink to him.—Unknown.

—

## TO AN ABSENT ONE.

Here's to one another and one other,
Whoever he or she may be.

—

## TO THE OLD TIME MEMORIES.

Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
In memory of dear old times.

—

## TO A HELPFUL HAND.

Distress not with thy troubles other souls,
Since life has thorns enough for all;
With kind and tender heart and helpful hand,
Gain strength by lifting those who fall.

—

## TO FRIENDSHIP AND WINE.

I've set my heart upon nothing, you see;
Hurrah!
And so the world goes well with me,
Hurrah!
And who has a mind to be a fellow of mine,
Why, let him take hold and help me drain
This loving cup of wine.

## FALSE FRIENDS.

May we never have friends who, like shadows, keep close to us in the sunshine, only to desert us on a cloudy day or in the night!

—

To our Fat Friends: May their shadows never grow less.

—

## OUR FRIENDS AND ENEMIES.

"The man who has a thousand friends,
Has not a friend to spare,
But he who has one enemy,
Will meet him everywhere."

—

May we treat our friends with kindness and our enemies with generosity.

—

## FRIENDSHIP AND DECEIT.

May the bark of friendship never founder on the rock of deceit.

—

## FRUGALITY AND FRIENDSHIP.

Frugality without meanness and friendship without interest.

—

Here's to Our Friends,
Whether absent on land or sea.

## TO THE AMERICAN GIRLS.

Here's to the girls of the American shore,
I love but one, I love no more,
Since she's not here to drink her part,
I'll drink her share with all my heart.

—

Happy are we met, Happy have we been,
Happy may we part, and Happy meet again.

MEN

## CHAPTER VII

## MEN

May the lovers of the fair sex never want means to support and spirit to defend them.

—

### WOMAN'S TOAST TO MEN.

We cannot fight for love as men may do;
We should be wooed, and were not made to woo.

—Shakespeare.

—

### HERE'S TO MAN.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long,"
'Tis not with me exactly so;
But 'tis so in the song.
My wants are many, and if told,
Would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
I still should long for more.

What first I want is daily bread—
And canvas-backs—and wine—
And all the realms of nature spread
Before me, when I dine.

Four courses scarcely can provide
My appetite to quell;
With four choice cooks from France beside,
To dress my dinner well.

—

GRACE GEORGE'S TOAST IN "PRETTY PEGGY."

Here's to the men! God bless them!
Worst of me sins, I confess them!
In loving them all; be they great or small,
So here's to the boys! God bless them!

—

TO MY HUSBAND.

My husband—may he never be tight;
But tight or straight, my husband.

—

TO AN HONEST MAN.

Here's to the honest man though poor.

—

*Here's to an honest man*—The noblest work of God.
—Andrew Jackson.

—

TO BACHELORS.

The first duty of bachelors—
To ring the city belles.

—

TO A BACHELOR.

Here's to the single man, who without a wife is only a half a man.

## BACHELORHOOD.

A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke.
Rudyard Kipling.

—

## TO FARMERS.

Success to the farmers of America—may they always reap a golden harvest.

—

## TO SINGLE AND MARRIED MEN.

May all single men be married,
And all married men be happy.

—

## TO THE MAN WE LOVE.

He who thinks the most good and speaks the least ill of his neighbors.

—

## TOAST TO A SAD MAN.

Here's to the knees that are always quaking;
Here's to the hearts that are always breaking;
May they be steeped in mellow whiskey,
Or plunged in rich "Lacryma-Christi."
Asa Arp.

—

## TO THE THIN MAN.

Here's to the man so awf'ly thin,
Who turns somersaults in a sausage skin,
Who casts a shadow that can't be seen,
And coils up like a snake in a soup tureen.
—Harry Hawkeye.

## TO THE SINCERE MAN.

Here's to the sincere man!
He makes no friends who never makes foes.

# UNIVERSAL TOASTS

## CHAPTER VIII.

## UNIVERSAL TOASTS

"Here's to us all—God bless us every one."—Dickens.

—

I wish thee health,
I wish thee wealth,
I wish thee gold in store,
I wish thee heaven upon earth—
What could I wish thee more?—Unknown.

—

"Here's to us that are here, to you that are there, and the rest of us everywhere."—Kipling.

—

And fill them high with generous juice,
As generous as your mind,
And pledge me in the generous toast—
The whole of human kind!—Robert Burns.

—

To the old, long life and treasure;
To the young, all health and pleasure.
—Ben Johnson.

—

May you all be Hung, Drawn and Quartered!
Yes—hung with diamonds,
Drawn in a coach and four
And quartered in the best houses in the land.

For a' that and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that—
That man to man the warld o'er
Shall brithers be for a' that.—Robert Burns.

—

Here's to those that I love;
Here's to those who love me;
Here's to those who love those I love,
And here's to those who love those who love me.
—Favorite Toast of Ouida.

—

The world is filled with flowers,
The flowers are filled with dew,
The dew is filled with love
For you and you and you.

—

The Frenchman loves his native wine,
The German loves his beer,
The Englishman loves his 'alf and 'alf,
Because it brings good cheer;
The Irishman loves his "whisky straight,"
Because it gives him dizziness;
The American has no choice at all,
So he drinks the whole d—— business.

—

## BOBBY BURNS TOAST.

Some hae meat and canna' eat,
And some wad eat who want it;
But we hae meat and we can eat,
So let the Lord be thankit.—Burns.

## HEALTH OF EVERY ONE.

Here's to friends both near and far;
Here's to woman, man's guiding star;
Here's to friends we've yet to meet,
Here's to those here; all here I greet;
Here's to childhood, youth, old age,
Here's to prophet, bard and sage,
Here's a health to every one,
Peace on earth, and heaven won!

—

To our America:—The best land in the world; let him that don't like it, leave it.

—

Here's to America—And may the land of our nativity be ever the abode of freedom, and the birthplace of heroes.

—

## AMERICA.

"Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee."

—

And thou, my Country, thou shalt never fall
But with thy children.—Wm. Cullen Bryant.

—

My native land! I turn to you,
With blessing and with prayer;
Where man is brave and woman true,
And free as mountain air.

Long may our flag in triumph wave
Against the world combined,
And friends a welcome—foes a grave,
Within our borders find.

—

## TO AMERICA.

Here's to the land whose hospitable shores have ever afforded an asylum to the unfortunate and oppressed.—America!

—

Here's to America, the land of our birth, the abode of freedom and the cradle of heroes.

—

## THE AMERICAN'S TOAST.

Here's to the memory of those who fought and bled with Washington to secure our glorious constitution. The glorious memory of our ancestors, who in 1775, at Bunker Hill, shed their life-blood to establish our liberties.

—

Thou, O my country, hast thy foolish ways,
Too apt to purr at every stranger's praise,—
But if the stranger touch thy modes or laws,
Off goes the velvet, and out come the claws!
—O. W. Holmes.

—

Our Country:—In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong.—Commodore Stephen Decatur.

—

Our Country, our whole country,
And nothing but our country.
—Daniel Webster.

## A YANKEE TOAST.

The Boundaries of Our Country:—East, by the Rising Sun; north, by the North Pole; west, by all creation; and south, by the Day of Judgment.

—

## THE NATION.

May it be no North, no South, no East, no West, but only one broad, beautiful, glorious land.

—

## TO OUR COUNTRY.

Here's to Columbia, free laws and a free church,
From their blessing may plotters be left in the lurch;
Give us pure candidates and a pure ballot-box,
And our freedom shall stand as firm as the rocks.

—

To her we drink, for her we pray,
Our voices silent never;
For her we'll fight, come what come may,
The Stars and Stripes forever?

—

Here's to the best of all Countries, where one lives with the least trouble and care.

—

## MEANING FOR U. S. A.

The U stands for the Union eternal,
The S for the Stripes and Stars,
The A for our Army undefeated,
The victor in a dozen wars;

The U stands for our "Uncle Sammy."
The S for our Ships in stern array,
The A for the Almighty One who guards us—
That's the meaning of U. S. A.

—

## TO AMERICAN SAILORS.

May the tars of America triumphantly sail,
And over her enemies ever prevail.

—

## TO AMERICAN MIDSHIPMAN.

Here's to the American Midshipman—may he graduate with honor and never have to *bone* anything tougher than turkey.—Paul Lowe.

—

## THE AMERICAN NAVY.

With the bulldogs of war
Standing guard on our coasts
All fears of attack quickly vanish;
Manned with hearts that are true
To the Red, White and Blue,
They'll make all our foemen "walk Spanish."

—

## TO THE NAVY.

Here's to the warship, the sleepless guardian of the world.

—

## TO OUR NAVY.

The American navy—may it ever sail on a sea of glory.

## TO OUR SAILORS.

May every American seaman be bombarded with broadsides of Golden eagles.

—

## LADIES' TOAST TO OUR SOLDIERS.

The soldiers of America,
Their arms our defence, our arms their reward;
Fall in, men, fall in.

—

## TOAST TO THE MILITIA.

Invincible in peace; invisible in war.

—

## TO THE AMERICAN ARMY.

Here's to the American Army—may its distinguishing characteristics always be fortitude in the hour of disaster, courage in the hour of danger, and mercy in the hour of victory.

—

## TO OUR SOLDIERS.

Here's to our American Boys:—Who have arms for their girls, and arms for their country's foes.

—

## TOAST TO THE SOLDIER.

Great telescopes have reveal'd the spots on the sun,
And dissolv'd nebulæ into constellations;
But 'tis the silent man behind the gun,
Who shapes the destiny of all nations.—Asa Arp.

## TO OUR PATRIOTS.

May Columbia's brave defenders
Ever stand for the good of her cause;
While such we can toast them, no rogues or pretenders,
Can injure our dear Constitution or laws.

—

## TO THE VETERANS.

Here's to all those who have fought and bled for America.

—

## TO THE PATRIOT.

Here's to a hearty supper, a good bottle, and a soft bed, to every man who fights the battles of his country.

—

## TO OUR HEROES.

Here's to the heroes in whatever part of the world they fell, who died fighting in the noble struggle for independence.

—

## TO OUR ARMY AND NAVY.

Success to our army, success to our fleet,
May our foes be compelled to bow down at our feet.

—

## TO WAR.

War begets Poverty—Poverty, Peace—
Peace begets Riches—Fate will not cease—
Riches beget Pride—Pride is War's ground—
War begets Poverty—and so the world goes round.

Here's to American valor,

May no war require it, but may it ever be ready for every foe.

—

## TO OUR GOVERNMENT.

Here's fealty and support to honest government— hostility and confusion to tyranny.

—

## TO OUR DEPARTED COMRADES.

To those we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his vintage rolling Time has pres't;
Who drank their cup many a round of yore,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

Persian Verse.

—

## TO THE PRESIDENT.

Here's to the President—His rights and no more.

—

Here's to our Chief Magistrate—May the greeting which he has received from the hearts of the people be repaid by his faithful honor and fidelity.

—

*Here's to our President*—May he always merit the esteem and affection of a people, ever ready to bestow gratitude on those who deserve it.

—

## TO LIBERTY.

May the sword of liberty smite the despots who combine against the freedom of our race.

Come fill the glass and drain the bowl;
May Love and Bacchus still agree;
And every American warm his soul
With Cupid, wine and Liberty.

—

May the blossoms of liberty never be blighted.

—

May the tree of liberty flourish around the globe and may every human being partake of its fruits.

—

May the American people—the only moral source of power—eventually emancipate the world and forever preserve its freedom.—Odin Optic.

—

May the prison gloom be cheered by the rays of hope, and liberty fetter the arms of oppression.

—

## TO LIBERTY.

May all mankind make free to enjoy the blessings of liberty; but never take the liberty to subvert the principles of freedom.

—

## THE FLAG.

When freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light.

—Joseph Rodman Drake.

## OUR COUNTRY'S EMBLEM.

The Lily of France may fade,
The Thistle and Shamrock wither,
The Oak of England may decay,
But the Stars shine on forever.

—

Here's to the American Eagle: The liberty bird that permits no liberties.

—

Our National Birds,
THE AMERICAN EAGLE,
THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY.
May one give us peace in all our states,
The other a piece for all our plates.

—

## TO THE FLAG.

One hue of our flag is taken
From the cheeks of my blushing Pet,
And its stars beat time and sparkle
Like the studs on her chemisette.

—

## TO A JOLLY TAR.

There's some is born with their straight legs by natur,
And some is born with bow-legs from the first—
And some that should have growed a good deal straighter,
But they were badly nursed,
And set, you see, like Bacchus, with their pegs
Astride of casks and kegs:
I've got myself a sort of bow to larboard,
And starboard,
And this is what it was that warped my legs.

## THE MAINE.

A mighty nation mourns thee yet;
Thy gallant crew—their awful fate;
And Justice points her finger straight,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

—

## TO OUR CITY.

Here's to our City, greater than ever before. May she continue to expand on the lines of prosperity and in Charitable and Educational institutions.

—

## POET, WARRIOR, STATESMAN.

Quick, quick, now, I'll give you, since Time's glass will run
Even faster than ours doth, three bumpers in one;
Here's to the poet who sings—here's to the warrior who fights—
Here's to the statesman who speaks, in the cause of men's rights.—Thomas Moore.

—

## TO COMMERCE.

Here's to commerce universally extended,
And blood-stained war forever ended.

—

## TO PEACE.

Peace and honest friendship with all nations; entangling alliances with none.

—

Here's good health to the boys far away.

## TOAST TO AMERICAN CONSERVATION OF RESOURCES.

With enlightened advance in the economy of our natural resources, may our forests be *preserved* for future generations, in order that posterity may enjoy log jams.

—Odin Optic.

—

The Trade of America—The Workship of the World: Let its prosperity become as unbounded as its resources and industry are unlimited.

—

## OLD KAINTUCK.

Whar the ladies are beautiful, and whar the crap of cawn is utilized for Bourbon.—Eugene Field.

—

"Kentucky, Oh Kentucky! I love thy classic shades,
Where flit the fairy figures of dark-eyed Southern maids,
Where the mocking birds are singing mid the flowers newly born,
Where the corn is full of kernels,
And the colonels full of corn."

—

## VERMONT.

What State can beat her in men, women, maple-sugar and horses?

"The first are strong, the last are fleet,
The second and third are exceedingly sweet,
And all are uncommonly hard to beat."

## OLE VIRGINNY.

Whar blooms the furtive possum,—pride an' glory of the South!
And anty makes a hoe-cake, sah, that melts within yo' mouth.—Eugene Field.

—

## NEW ENGLAND.

Where Hubbard squash 'nd huckleberries grow to powerful size,
And everything is orthodox from preachers down to pies.
—Eugene Field.

—

## THE WILD AND WOOLLY WEST.

Give me no home 'neath the pale pink dome of European skies,
No cot for me by the salmon sea that far to the southward lies;
But away out West I would build my nest on top of a carmine hill,
Where I could paint, without restraint, creation redder still.—Eugene Field.

—

## TO THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Here's to the Fourth of July—like oysters, it cannot be enjoyed without crackers.

—

## TO ERIN.

Here's to Erin, the land of the brave and the bold.

—

May good fortune follow you all your days,
(And never catch up with you).—An Irishman's Toast.

## AN IRISHMAN'S TOAST.

If we do not succeed, Old Ireland to free,
May England hang us on a gooseberry tree.
—Odin Optic.

—

## TO LIBERTY.

## THE IRISHMAN'S TOAST.

Here's to the Liberty all over the world, and everywhere else.

—

*Ireland and America.*—May the former soon be as free as the latter, and may the latter never forget that Irishmen were instrumental in securing the liberty they now enjoy.

—

## TOASTS OF TWO IRISHMEN.

First Irishman: Hairs to th' glorious saxty-nointh, th' lasht in th' foight and th' foorst out.

Second Irishman: Hairs to th' ould saxty-nointh, aiquill to none.

—

## THE IRISH EXILE'S TOAST.

Then remember wherever our goblet is crown'd—
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward we roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

## IRELAND.

Here's to the land of the shamrock so green,
Here's to each lad and his darling colleen,
Here's to the ones we love dearest and most—
And may God save old Ireland! That's an Irishman's toast.—Anon.

—

May your soul be in glory three weeks before the divil knows you're dead.—Unknown.

—

## SCOTLAND.

And lives that man, with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said—
This is my own, my native land!
—Sir Walter Scott.

—

Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love
—Robt. Burns.

—

Here's to Scotland! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band?

—

Here's to Scotland, the birthplace of valor, the country of worth.

## TOAST DRUNK BY DYING ENGLISHMEN IN THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA.

Stand to your glasses steady,
And drink to your comrades' eyes:
Here's a cup to the dead already,
And hurrah for the next that dies.

—

## ENGLISH.

He is an Englishman!
For he himself hath said it,
And it's greatly to his credit,
That he is an Englishman!
For he might have been a Roosian,
A French, or Turk, or Proosian,
Or perhaps Italian?
But in spite of all temptations,
To belong to other nations,
He remains an Englishman?—W. S. Gilbert.

—

## AN ENGLISHMAN'S TOAST.

Daddy Neptune, one day, to Freedom did say,
If ever I lived upon dry land,
The spot I would hit on would be little Britain!
Says Freedom, "Why that's my own island!"
O, it's a snug little island!
A right little, tight little island!
Search the world round, none can be found
So happy as this little island.

—

## TO MEN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

May those who are discontented with their own country leave their country for their country's good.

Here's to our Mayor—As vigilant and useful in his present station as any officer in the State, he is one of those upon whom we can look with pride, and say, "These are our jewels."

—

## THE DRUMMER'S TOAST.

We live free from care, in harmony everywhere,
Combined just like brother and brother;
And this be our toast, the good "drummer's" boast:
Success and good will to each other.

—

## THE DRUMMER'S TOAST.

Fill, boys, and drink about;
Wine will banish sorrow!
Come, drain the goblet out;
We'll have more to-morrow.

—

## TOAST TO THE TRAVELING MAN.

Could I pour out the nectar the Gods only can,
I would fill up my glass to the brim
And drink the success of the traveling man,
And the house represented by him;
And, could I but tincture the glorious draught
With his smiles as I drank to him then,
And the jokes he has told, and the laughs he has laughed,
I would fill up the goblet again
And drink to the sweetheart who gave him good-by
With a tenderness thrilling him this
Very hour, as he thinks of the tear in her eye
That salted the sweet of her kiss;

To her truest of hearts and fairest of hands
I would drink with all serious prayers,
Since the heart she must trust is a traveling man's
And as warm as the ulster he wears.
I would drink to the wife with a babe on her knee,
Who waits his returning in vain,
Who breaks his brave letters so tremulously
And reads them again and again!
And I'd drink to the feeble old mother who sits
At the warm fireside of her son,
And murmurs and weeps o'er the stocking she knits
As she thinks of the wandering one.
I would drink a long life and a health to the friends
Who have met him with smiles and with cheer,
To the generous hand that the landlord extends
To the wayfarer journeying here;
And I pledge, when he turns from his earthly abode
And pays the last fare that he can,
Mine host of the inn at the end of the road
Will welcome the traveling man.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

—

## JAPANESE TOAST TO THE THING WE WANT.

Sashi noboru
Asahi no gotoku
Sawayaka ni
Motamahoshiki wa
Kokoro narikeri.

(*Translation.*)

The thing we want
Is hearts that rise above Earth's
Worries like
The Sun at morn, rising above the clouds,
Splendid and strong.

## JAPANESE TOAST TO MAN.

Yo wo mamoru
Kami no megumi wo
Aoge, hito!
Kuni no chikara no
Masari yuku ni mo.

(*Translation.*)

O man, look up, even in the hour of weal,
When progress leads the nation, and revere
The grace of God that watches o'er the Earth.

TO THE PRESS

## CHAPTER IX

## TO THE PRESS

Here's to the Freedom of the Press—Truth published with honest motives and not for profitable ends.

—

The liberty of the press and success to its defenders.

—

Here's to the Press—The "tongue" of the country; may it never be cut out.

—

The Press of Our Country: The engine of our liberty, the terror of tyrants, and the schoolmaster of the whole world.

—

May the American press—the great bulwark of our liberties—ever triumph over the insidious intrigues of alien enemies.—Harry Hawkeye.

—

May the liberty of the press never lack bold defenders.

—

## TO AUTHORS.

Authors are judged by strange, capricious rules,
The great ones are thought mad, the small ones fools.

## TO THE EDITOR AND THE LAWYER.

Here is to the Editor and the lawyer—the devil is satisfied with the copy of the former; but requires the original of the latter.

—

## TOAST TO PUBLISHERS.

Here's to the man who disseminates brains;
When the quality's bad it's the devil who gains.
—Odin Optic.

—

## TO THE COPY-HOLDER.

Here's to the copy-holder!
All day she scans the written lines
Until the last dull proof is ended.
Calling the various words and signs
By which each error may be mended.

—

## TO THE PRINTER.

The master of all trades: He beats the farmer with his fast "hoe", the carpenter with his "rule", and the mason in "setting up tall columns"; he surpasses the lawyer and the doctor in attending to the "cases", and beats the parson in the management of the devil.

# WISDOM

## CHAPTER X

### WISDOM

Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they speak.—Colton.

—

May we have the unspeakable good fortune to win a true heart, and the merit to keep it.

—

Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Sees at thy hand no worthy action done.

—

Here's to Knowledge and Wealth—Open to the acquisition of all, in the happy republic, where it is our happiness to dwell.

—

May our pleasures be free from the stings of remorse.

—

May our talents never be prostituted to vice.

—

May our wants be sown in so fruitful a soil as to produce immediate relief.

—

May we never speak to deceive or listen to betray.

—

Riches without pride or poverty without meanness.

May he who thinks to cheat another, cheat himself most.

—

May we never murmur without cause, and never have cause to murmur.

—

May we never be blind to our own errors.

—

May meanness never accompany riches.

—

Here's to the Good Things of this World—Parsons are preaching for them, Lawyers are pleading for them, Physicians are prescribing for them, Authors are writing for them, Soldiers are fighting for them, but true Philosophers alone are enjoying them.

—

May the sunshine of comfort dispel the clouds of despair.

—

When two men quarrel, each with tongue aflame,
Who hath the cooler head is most to blame.

—

May we live happy and die in peace with all mankind.

—

May we never flatter our superiors or insult our inferiors.

—

May he who never wants feeling, never feel want.

—

May poverty always be a day's march behind us.

—

May we fly from the temptation we cannot resist.

—

May genius and merit never want a friend.

May we never be the slaves of interest or pride.

—

May we always be wise enough to follow the wiser.

—

May we always do good when we can—speak well of the world, and never judge without the fullest proof.

—

May we always think what we would say rather than say what we think.

—

May we never let our tongues cut our throats nor quarrel with our bread and butter.

—

May we never fling away powder by shooting crows.

—

May we be rich in friends rather than in money.

—

May those who inherit the title of " gentleman " by birth deserve it by their actions.

—

Here's to the other side of the road—it always looks the cleanest.

—

May Hymen never join the hands of those whose hearts are divided.

—

May the pleasures of youth never bring us pain in old age.

## TO KNOWLEDGE.

Enjoy the spring of Love and Youth,
To some good angel leave the rest,
For all too soon we learn the truth;
There are no birds in last year's nest.

—

May we live to learn well,
And learn to live well.

—

## TO AVARICE AND BENEVOLENCE.

May avarice lose his purse and benevolence find it.

—

## TO PROSPERITY.

When going up the hill of Prosperity,
May you never meet any friend coming down.

—

*Here's to Philosophy*—It may conquer past or future pain, but toothache, while it lasts, laughs at Philosophy.

—

## TO CENSURE.

God bless the man and spare him grief,
Who kindly makes his censure brief.

—

## TO DUTY AND MERIT.

May we be slaves to nothing but our duty and friends to nothing but merit.

## TO FAIRNESS.

May we be slaves to no party and bigots to no sect.

—

## TO CONTENTMENT.

May those that are single get wives to their mind,
And those that are married true happiness find.

—

May the tide of fortune float us into the harbor of content.

—

## TO SELF-CONTROL.

May we never be influenced by jealousy nor governed by interest.

—

## TO MERCY.

May the sword of justice be swayed by the hand of mercy.

—

## TO HOPE.

May the pole-star of hope guide us through the sea of misfortune.

—

## TO POWER.

Power will intoxicate the best hearts, as wine the best heads.

—

## TO CONSCIENCE.

Honest men to law will never go;
Conscience is the only court they know.

## SYMPATHY.

May we never feel want or ever want feeling.

—

May the eye that drops a tear for the misfortunes of others never shed one for its own.

—

## TO VIRTUE.

May virtue be our armor when wickedness is our assailant.

—

May the time-piece of life be regulated by the dial of virtue.

—

## TO CHARITY.

Here's to Charity, the brightest gem in the diadem of humanity. It elevates and ennobles those who practise and follow its sublime mission in dispelling sorrow and suffering. May the luster of its brilliancy never grow dim.

—

May the heart that melts at the sight of sorrow be always blessed with the means to relieve it.

—

There's not a drop that from our cups we throw
For Earth to drink of, but doth steal below,
To quench the thirst of some imprison'd spirit,
There hidden—far beneath, and long ago.

—

To Charity: A mantle of heavenly weaving, used to cover the faults of our neighbors.

## TO TRUTH.

Parent of golden dreams, Romance,
Auspicious queen of childish joys,
Who lead'st along, in airy dance,
Thy votive train of girls and boys;
At length, in spells no longer bound,
I break the fetters of my youth;
No more I tread thy mystic round,
But leave thy realms for those of Truth.

—

When first on earth the truth was born,
She crept into a hunting horn;
The hunters came, the horn was blown,
But where truth went was never known.

—

Speak no word thy secret heart denies;
With his tongue he slays his soul who lies.

—

## DEEDS.

Through this toilsome world, alas,
Once, and only once, we pass,
If a kindness we may show,
If a good deed we may do
To our suffering fellow-men,
Let us do it when we can,
Nor delay it, for 'tis plain
We shall not pass this way again.

—

## TO THE OPTIMIST.

It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows along like a song:
But the man worth while is the one who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong.

## TO A TRAITOR.

May he that turns his back on his friend, fall into the hands of his enemy.

—

## TO OUR FAULTS.

May we see our own faults rather than exploit those of our neighbor.

—

May our faults be written on the sea-shore, and every good action prove a wave to wash them out.

—

## TO AN EGOIST.

Here's to the man who can hang molasses on a hook and drive a nail of putty.—Asa Arp.

—

## TO THE GOOD.

The good die young—
Here's hoping that you may live to a ripe old age.

—

## TO THE PLACE WHERE WE LIVE.

So wisely has the Lord God framed these human souls of ours,
That each likes best the place where he doth dwell;
Ask the lost spirits where Perdition is, they'll say in Heaven;
Ask saints, they'll tell you 'tis in Hell.

—

## TO HOME.

The father's kingdom; the child's paradise; the mother's world.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world hath nothing to bestow,—
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

—

Home—The place where you are treated best and grumble most.

—

## TO THE WORLD.

The world's a book writ by th' eternal art
Of the great author; printed in man's heart
'Tis falsely printed, though divinely penned;
And all the errata will appear at th' end.

—

## TO THE WIDOW.

Be to her virtues very kind
Be to her faults a little blind.—Prior.

—

Here's to the widows' the greatest game to Fortune Hunters.

—

May widows wed as often as they can,
And ever for better change their man,
And some devouring plagues pursue their lives,
Who will not well be governed by their wives.

—Dryden.

Here's to the rich widow who cries with one eye, and rejoices with the other.

—

## HINTS TO WIDOWS AND WIDOWERS.

Wedlock's like wine—not properly judged of till the second glass.—Jarrold.

—

*To the Fireman's widow*—May the memory of her husband's services prove her passport to every habitation and win her a welcome in every heart.

—

## TO DEATH.

Death's but a path that must be trod
If man would ever pass to God.—Parnell.

—

Weep not for him who dieth,
For he sleeps and is at rest,
And the couch whereon he lieth
Is the green earth's quiet breast
—Mrs. Norton.

—

To die—to sleep—
No more, and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to; tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished.—Shakespeare.

—

## TO OUR DEAD FRIENDS.

When musing on companions gone
We doubly feel ourselves alone.—Scott.

## TO THE HEREAFTER.

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us passed the door of darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the road,
Which to discover we must travel too.

—

## TOAST TO DEATH.

If I should die to-night
And you should come to my cold corpse and say,
Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay—
If I should die to-night,
And you should come in deepest grief and woe—
And say: "Here's that ten dollars that I owe,"
I might arise in my large cravat
And say, "What's that?"

If I should die to-night
And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,
Clasping my bier to show the grief you feel,
I say, if I should die to-night
And you should come to me, and there and then
Just even hint 'bout paying me that ten,
I might arise the while,
But I'd drop dead again.—Ben King.

—

Through the street of By-and-by, journeying forever,
Slowly one comes at last to the house of Never.

# GUESTS

## CHAPTER XI

## GUESTS

"Here's a health to thee and thine
From the hearts of me and mine;
And when thee and thine
Come to see me and mine,
May me and mine make thee and thine
As welcome as thee and thine
Have ever made me and mine."

—

### GUEST AND HOST.

"I thank you for your welcome which was cordial,
And your cordial, which is welcome."

—

### TO THE HOST.

I know thou lov'st a brimming measure,
And art a kindly, cordial host;
But let me fill and drink at pleasure,
Thus I enjoy the goblet most.

—

### TO OUR HOST.

May the juice of the grape enliven each soul,
And good humor preside at the head of each bowl.

## TO OUR HOST AND HOSTESS.

Here's a toast to the host who carved the roast;
And a toast to the hostess—may none ever "roast" us.

# MISCELLANEOUS

## CHAPTER XII

## MISCELLANEOUS

Here's to Industry—The right hand of fortune, the grave of care, and the cradle of content.

—

### THE GLAZIER'S TOAST.

The praiseworthy glazier who takes panes to see his way through life.

—

### TO THE LEGAL FRATERNITY.

Here's to the bride and mother-in-law.
Here's to the groom and father-in-law.
Here's to the sister and brother-in-law.
Here's to the friends and friends-in-law,
May none of them need an attorney-at-law.

—

### THE LAWYER'S TOAST.

May the depth of our potations never cause us to let judgment go by default.

—

### THE GROCER'S TOAST.

May we spring up like vegetables, have turnip-noses, reddish cheeks, and carroty hair, and may our hearts never be hard, like those of cabbages, nor may we be rotten at the core.

## THE TEACHER'S TOAST.

Here's to the three R's—Reading, 'Riting and 'Rithmetic.

—

## BLACKSMITH'S TOAST.

Success to forgery.

—

## THE BAKER'S TOAST.

May we never be done so much as to make us crusty.

—

## TO THE SHOEMAKER.

"He's a stick to the last."
"He left his awl."
"He pegged out."
"He was well heeled, but lost his sole."
"He was on his uppers."

—

May he stick to his last, and may his customers stick to him.

—

## THE PAINTER'S TOAST.

When we work in the wet may we never want for dryers.

—

## THE MUSICIAN'S TOAST.

May a crotchet in the head never bar the utterances of good notes. May the lovers of harmony never be in want of a note, and its enemies die in a common chord.

## TO THE FIREMAN.

While poets chant in wild, enraptured lays
The seaman's valor, or the soldier's praise,
A theme as noble claims my present toast;
It is—"The Fireman, our city's boast."

—

## TO THE HARDWARE TRADE.

Although they profess to honesty, they sell iron and steel for a living.

—

## TO THE MERCHANT.

Here's to the merchant, may he ever be exchanging for the better.

—

## TO THE STENOGRAPHER.

Here's to the queen who pounds the keys,
Who makes you often forget your wife.
With smiling face tries hard to please;
She's the one bright spot in the office life.

—

## TO THE OFFICE BOY.

Here's long life to the office boy!
Who never smokes, chews or lies;
Who's never late and never kicks;
Whose grandmother never dies!

—

## TO THE PHYSICIAN.

Here's to the three worst physicians—Dr. Pills, Dr. Kills and Dr. Bills.—Harry Hawkeye.

The Physician—although professedly a good man, the worse people are the more he is with them.

—

## TO THE MEDICAL MAN.

Here's to the doctor whose mistakes may be found
All nicely tucked away under the ground.

—Odin Optic.

—

## MEDICINE.

And Nathan, being sick, trusted not in the Lord, but sent for a physician,—and Nathan was gathered unto his fathers.—Old Testament.

—

## THE SURGEON'S TOAST.

Here's to the man that bleeds for his country.

—

## TO A SPORTSMAN.

May strength the sportsman's nerves in vigor brace,
And cruelty ne'er stain with fowl disgrace
The well-earned pleasures of the chase.

—

## TO THE SPENDER.

May they never want who have the spirit to spend.

—

## TO THE FIRE DEPT.

Here's to the Fire Department—the army that draws water instead of blood, and thanks instead of tears.

## TO THE POLITICIAN.

May we never seek applause from party principles, but always deserve it from public spirit.

—

## TO THE COLLEGE BOY.

Here's to the College Boy!
With his funny clothes and hideous yells;
Who studies football tricks and footlight belles;
Who always in foolish but never bad,
Who spends all the money earned by his dad
He's the village pride and his mother's joy,
So here's long life to the College Boy.

—

## TO YE BENEDICT.

Here's hoping you may always have good health,
A cosy home and a loving wife;
And the necessary coin in your pocket
To procure these luxuries of life.

—

## TO THE CLUBMAN.

May your feet always go where you want them to;
May your blinking eyes never see double;
May your keyhole stand still in its rightful place,
And the good Lord keep you out of trouble
When you're drunk.

## TO SOME PARASITES.

Be smooth and slick and the gang will stick
As close as the hungry fly.
There is always a crowd to help you
A copious draught to drain;
When the gang is gone you must bear alone
The harrowing stroke of pain.

—

Here's to an honest lawyer, a pious divine, and a skillful physician.

—

## TO THE FARMER IN 1810 AND 1910.

### 1810

Farmer at the plough,
Wife milking cow,
Daughter spinning yarn,
Son threshing in the barn,
All happy to a charm.

### 1910

Farmer gone to see the show,
Daughter at the pi-a-no,
Madam gaily dressed in satin,
All the boys learning Latin,
With a mortgage on the farm.

## TOAST TO THE FARMERS.

Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath may make them, as a breath has made;
But a BOLD PEASANTRY, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.

—

## PRESS, PULPIT AND PETTICOAT.

Here's to the press, the pulpit and the petticoat, the three ruling powers of the day. The first spreads knowledge, the second spreads morals and the third spreads amazingly.

—

## TO THE OAK.

Here's to the majestic oak, hoary with his centuries—every oak must be an acorn and great minds germinate in cradles.—Paul Lowe.

—

## TO A FOOL.

Here's to the ape—the higher he goes the more he shows his tail.

—

## TO THE FOOL.

Here's to the fool:
Who fled from the beating rain without,
And sat down under the waterspout.

## WHAT CARE I.

I build my castles in the air,
They end in smoke—I don't care.

—

## TO THE DEVIL.

From his brimstone bed at break of day
A walking the Devil has gone,
To visit his little snug farm of the earth
And see how his stock went on.
Over the hill and over the dale,
And he went over the plain,
And backward and forward he swished his long tail
As a gentleman swishes his cane.

—

May the devil never pay visits abroad nor receive company at home.

—

## TO POKER.

Here's to Poker—Like a glass of beer, you draw to fill.

—

## TWO FACED.

May the man never grow fat
Who carries two faces under one hat.

—

## TO PARADISE.

Here's to turkey when you are hungry,
  Champagne when you are dry,
A pretty girl when you need her
  And heaven when you die.

## TO THE CHILDREN.

The world is saved from friend and foe
By what the little children know.

—

## TO A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

May the man who does not love his country, neither live, die, nor be buried in it.

—

## TO GLADNESS, SADNESS, MADNESS.

Here's to the gladness of her gladness when she's glad,
Here's to the sadness of her sadness when she's sad;
But the gladness of her gladness,
And the sadness of her sadness,
Are not in it with the madness of her madness when she's mad!

—

## TO AN AFFINITY.

Here's to you in wine,
  Good old wine!
I will be your love
  And you will be mine.
I will be constant,
  You will be true,
And I'll leave my happy home and everything for you—
  Just for a little while

—

## SOCIETY.

Society is now one polished horde,
  Formed of two mighty tribes—the bores and bored

## TO THE MEMORY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The childless father of ninety millions.

—

## TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

May eternal life be the portion of him who struck the shackles from the slaves.

—

## TO PAUL JONES.

Here's to the memory of Paul Jones, the American officer who hoisted the first flag of the revolution.

—

## TO DINING.

We may live without poetry, music and art,
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends and live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
We may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?
We may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
We may live without love—what is passion but pining!
But where is the man that can live without dining?

—

## TO A BAD SINGER.

Swans sing before they die; 'twere no bad thing
Did certain persons die before they sing.

—

## TO A SHREW.

After such years of dissension and strife,
It's a wonder a man should weep for his wife:
Still his tears on her grave are nothing surprising,—
He's laying her dust, for fear of its rising.

## TO THE SPRING.

Come fill the cup and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter-garment of repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.

—

## A NEGRO'S TOAST TO A RETIRING GOVERNOR.

Hyar's to de late gubnor of de state; him come in wit little opposition; him done go out wit none at all.

—

## TO XMAS.

Here's to Christmas, the season which requires Fowl murder to promote peace and good will.

—

## TO THANKSGIVING DAY.

Here's to the day (Thanksgiving) when first the Yankees Acknowledged Heaven's good gifts with Thank'ees.

—

## TO WINTER.

When it freezes and blows, take care of your nose, that it don't get froze, and wrap up your toes in warm woolen hose.

—

## TO A TEAR.

When friendship and love our sympathies move,
When Truth in a glance should appear,
The lips may beguile with dimple or smile,
But the test of affection's a tear.

## TO INTEGRITY AND JUSTICE.

Integrity in those who wear the robes of justice.

—

## TOAST TO A SPINSTER.

In wedlock a species of lottery lies,
Where in blanks and in prizes we deal;
But how comes it that you, such a *capital prize*
Should so long have *remained in the wheel?*

—

## OLD SHOES.

How much a man is like old shoes,
For instance, both a soul can lose,
Both have been tanned, both are made tight
By cobblers, both get left and right.
Both need a mate to be complete,
And both were made to go on feet.
With shoes the last is first; with man
The first shall be the last; and when
The shoes wear out, they're mended too—
When men wear out they're men dead, too.
They both need heeling, both re-soled,
And both in time turn all to mould,
They both are trod upon, and both
Will tread on others, nothing loath.
Both have their ties, and both incline,
When polished, on the world to shine.
They both peg out, so would you choose
To be a man or be his shoes?

## TO A KID GLOVE.

She dropped her glove,
He raised his lid
And picked it up
With "Oh, you kid!"
"How dare you, Sir!"
He smiled at her——
"Excuse me Miss!
It's just like this——
I meant the glove."

—

## TO AN EASTER HAT.

We'll pay the Easter bills this year
With a disposition sunny,
For now the hats are large and we
Get something for our money.

—

## TO A DANDY.

A dandy is a thing that would
Be a young lady, if he could;
But since he can't, does all he can
To let us know he's not a man.

—

## TOAST TO OUR BODIES.

When the Supreme our bodies made of clay,
He well foreknew the part that we should play:
Not without his ordainment have we sinned!
Why would he then us burn at judgment day?

## TO A DISTURBER.

And oh! I hate with all my soul,
Discordant clamors o'er the bowl,
Where every cordial heart should be
Attun'd to peace and harmony.

—

## TO SERENITY.

Waste not your hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of this and that endeavor and dispute;
Better be jocund with the fruitful grape
Than sadder after none, or bitter, Fruit.

—

## TO OUR BED.

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry;
And born in bed, in bed we die:
The near approach the bed may show
Of human bliss to human woe.

—

## TO GENEROSITY.

He only is generous,
Whose gift,
By willing hand proffered,
Is swift.

—

## TOAST TO A FLOWER.

As now the Tulip for her morning sup
Of Heav'nly vintage from the soil looks up,
Do you devoutly do the like till Heav'n
To Earth invert you—like an empty cup.

## TOAST TO NOWHERE.

Unworthy of Hell, unfit for Heaven, I be—
God knows what clay He used when me moulded me!
Foul as a punk, ungodly as a monk,
No faith no world, no hope of Heaven I see!

—

## TO THE SUNRISE.

Behold the morning! Rise, O youth,
And fill thyself with rosy wine:
From the crystal cup of dawn,
Drink the glowing draught divine!

—Omar Khayyam.

—

## TOAST TO THE ILLS OF LIFE.

For every ill beneath the sun
There is some remedy, or none.
Should there be one, resolve to find it;
If not, submit, and never mind it.

—

## TO ALIMONY.

Oh, strenuous days for Cupid,
And Hymen's all astir,
A chap pays court to some fair lass;
The next we hear that comes to pass—
The Court is paying her.

—

## TOAST TO BLACK EYES.

Here's to the eyes—as black as jet—
Of a charming maid I knew;
I kissed her and her lover came,
And mine were jet-black too.

## TO WORLDLY HOPE.

The worldly hope men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes—or it prospers; and anon
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,
Lighting a little hour or two—was gone.
—Omar Khayyam.

—

## SUB ROSA.

Here's to you, my dear,
And to the dear that's not here, my dear,
But if the dear that's not here, my dear,
Were here, my dear,
I'd not be drinking to you, my dear.

—

## TOAST TO THE PINES.

Here's to the pines that have the longest and sharpest needles—the PORCUPINES.

—

## TOAST TO VICTORY.

Turn failure into victory,
Don't let your courage fade:
And if you get a lemon,
Just make the lemon aid.

—

## TO RICHES.

May we never be in possession of riches which we cannot enjoy.

—

## TO WEALTH.

Here's to the full purse that never lacks friends.

May we never be cured of the drink habit by lack of price.

—

## TOAST TO THE MOON.

Before thee, Luna, doth I kneel,
Thy radiance to beg;
Come closer to me, orb of night,
And let me pull thy leg.

—

## TOAST TO WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

A little bird sat on a telegraph wire
And said to his mate, "I declare,
If wireless telegraphy comes into vogue
We'll all have to sit on the air."

—

## TO THE MOUNTED POLICEMAN.

The Centaur would be just the thing
A run away to stop;
To-day he'd make, and no mistake,
A handy mounted cop.

—

## TO OUR RICH RELATIONS.

Here's to our rich relations!—when we want nothing, we can always go to them and get it.—Odin Optic.

—

## TO A LANDLADY.

Corned beef fresh, and corned beef old,
Corned beef hot, and corned beef cold,
Corned beef tender, and corned beef tough,
Don't you think we have had enough?

—Harry Hawkeye.

## TO A BASEBALL FAN.

Old Argus in the baseball field
Would surely be a peach;
Should three men be on bases he
Could keep an eye on each.

—

## TOAST TO A DOG.

O the pup, the beautiful pup,
Drinking his milk from a beautiful cup;
Gambling around so frisky and free,
First gnawing a bone, then biting a flea;
Jumping, running, after the pony;
Beautiful pup, you'll soon be Bologna.

—

## TO THE FAITHFUL DOG.

Here's to the dog,
That stays at home
And guards the family night and day.
Here's to the dog
That doesn't roam;
But lies on the porch and chases the stray—
The tramp, the burglar, the hen away.
Doesn't a dog's true heart for the household beat,
At morning and evening, in cold and heat?
But he's only a dog!

—

## TOAST TO A BORE.

Again I hear that creeking step—
He's rapping at the door!—
Too well I know the boding sound
That ushers in a bore.

I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the man
Who comes—but never goes.

—

## TO MY DOG.

Here's to the one that loves me best!
Who shares with me my humble lot,
Who's glad when I am glad
And sorry when I am not;
Who goes wherever I want to go
And never asks me why;
Who does whatever I want him to,
And never told a lie!
My dog.

—

## TO A BABY.

O beautiful little baby mine,
I pray you, drink this cordial wine!
It is a wine of virtuous powers;
My mother made it of wild flowers.

—

## TO THE NEW BABY.

"The stork has brought a little peach!"
The nurse said with an air.
"I'm mighty glad," the father said,
"He didn't bring a pair."

—

## A RAILROAD MAN'S TOAST TO THE BABIES.

May their route through life be pleasant and profitable; their ties well laid; their track straightforward, and not

backwards. May their fathers be safe conductors, their mothers faithful tenders, and their switches never misplaced.

—

## TO A BABY.

A lovely being scarcely formed or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.

—Byron.

—

## TO BABIES.

We haven't all had the good fortune to be ladies; we have not all been generals, or poets or statesmen; but when the toast works down to the babies, we stand on common ground—for we've all been babies.—Mark Twain

—

## TO THE TWINS.

Here's to the twins:
In form and feature, face and limb,
One grew so like his brother,
That folks got taking him for him,
And each for one another.
It puzzled all their kith and kin,
It reached an awful pitch;
For one of them was born a twin,
Yet not a soul knew which.

—

## TO A COOK.

'Tis not enough to have the art
Savory dishes to prepare;
The cooks must know his master's heart,
His every wish and taste must share.

## TOAST TO THE HAVE BEENS.

They are the men of fifty,
Two score years and ten,
Employers keen and nifty
Call them poor old men.
They are the Have Beens grizzled,
They are the failures gray,
They are the boys that fizzled,
Wrecks of yesterday.
They are the Osler Brothers,
Here's to the doctor's health!
Here's to their wives and mothers!
Here's to the nation's wealth!
May they stand by their glasses ready—
Ready to win the prize;
Death is the job that's steady—
Hurrah! for the next that dies.

—

## TO THE EARTH WE INHABIT.

If this little world to-night
Suddenly should fall through space
In a hissing, headlong flight,
Shrivelling from off its face,
As it falls into the sun,
In an instant every trace
Of the little crawling things—
Ants, philosophers, and lice,
Cattle cockroaches and kings,
Beggars, millionaires and mice,
Men and maggots—all as one
As it falls into the sun—

Who can say but at the same
Instant from some planet far
A child may watch us and exclaim:
"See the pretty shooting star!"—Herford.

—

## TO OUR MOTHERS.

Now, boys, just a moment! You all had your say,
While enjoying yourselves in so pleasant a way.
We've toasted our sweethearts, our friends and our wives,
We've toasted each other, wishing all merry lives;

But I now will propose to you the toast that is best—
'Tis one in a million, and outshines the rest—
Don't frown when I tell you this toast beats all others—
But drink one more toast, boys, a toast to Our Mothers.

—

## TOAST TO MOTHER.

Let others boast of charms divine,
The agile step and graceful air;
More lively is thy wrinkled face,
And threads of silver in thy hair.
I'd rather fold thee in my arms
Than press the sweetest maid that lives;
Thy winter brings more warmth of love
Than all her youthful summer gives.

—

## TO THE DEBUTANTES.

Buds of roses, virgin flowers,
Cull'd from Cupids balmy bowers,
In the bowl of Bacchus steep,
Till with crimson drops you weep!
Drink and smile and learn to think
That you were born to smile and drink.

## TO A HAND SQUEEZE.

Oh, give me a sly flirtation
By the light of a chandelier—
With music to play in the pauses,
And nobody very near;
Or a seat on a silken sofa,
With a glass of pure old wine,
And mamma too blind to discover
The small white hand in mine

—

## TO TIMIDITY.

Here's to those that love us,
If we only cared;
Here's to those that we'd love,
If we only dared.

—

Here's to the Man in the Moon—the fuller he gets the brighter he grows.

—

## THE SUMMER GIRL.

"Here's to the heights of Heaven,
Here's to the depths of Hell,
Here's to the girl who can have a good time
And has sense enough not to tell."

—

## TOAST TO FANCY.

Tell me where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.

It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and Fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring Fancy's Knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.
Ding, dong, bell.—Shakespeare.

—

## TO A WISH.

How many sick ones
Wish they were healthy;
How many beggar men
Wish they were wealthy;
How many ugly ones
Wish they were pretty;
How many stupid ones
Wish they were witty;
How many bachelors
Wish they were married;
How many benedicts
Wish they had tarried.
Single or double,
Life's full of trouble;
Riches are stubble,
Pleasure's a bubble.

—

## TOAST TO A PEACH.

A little peach in an orchard grew,—
A little peach of emerald hue;
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew,
It grew.

One day, passing that orchard through,
That little peach dawned on the view
Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue—
Them two.

Up at that peach a club they threw—
Down from the stem on which it grew
Fell that peach of emerald hue.
Mon Dieu!

John took a bite and Sue a chew,
And then the trouble began to brew,—
Trouble the doctor couldn't subdue.
Too true!

Under the turf where the daisies grew
They planted John and his sister Sue,
And their little souls to the angels flew,—
Boo hoo!

What of that peach of the emerald hue,
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew?
Ah, well, its mission on earth is through.
Adieu!

—

## TO REGRET.

Here's to war—war is hell—my wife's first husband was killed at Santiago—

—

## TO SCORN.

May fools our scorn, not envy, raise,
For envy is a kind of praise.

## TO MODESTY.

Here's to modesty, beauty's best companion.

—

## TO PROSPERITY.

May the morning sun of prosperity ever rise to dispel the gloom of adversity.

—

## TO CARE.

A little health, a little wealth,
A little house and freedom,
With some few friends for certain ends,
But little cause to need 'em.
And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.—Longfellow.

—

## TO GOOD LUCK.

Good luck till we are tired of it.

—

## TO DIGNITY AND CONDESCENSION

Dignity without pride and condescension without meanness.

—

## TO HOPE AND WISHES.

Success to our hopes and enjoyment to our wishes.

## TO RIGHT AND WRONG.

### ANDREW JACKSON'S TOAST.

"Ask nothing that is not clearly right, and submit to nothing that is wrong."

—

## TO GOOD HUMOR.

Sunshine and good humor all over the world.

—

## TO RICHES AND POWER.

Riches to the generous and power to the merciful.

—

## TO TEMPTATION AND VIRTUE.

May temptation never conquer virtue.

—

## TO JUSTICE.

May power submit to justice.

—

## TO THORNS AND FLOWERS.

May the thorns of life only serve to give a zest to its flowers.

—

## TO LAUGHTER.

Laugh at all things,
Great and small things,
Sick or well, at sea or shore;
While we're quaffing,
Let's have laughing,
Who the devil cares for more?—Byron.

Among the things
That good wine brings,
What is better than laughter,
  That rings
In revelry,
  That makes better friends
Of you and me?

—

## TO POETRY.

Here's to poetry—it enriches the blood of the world.

—

## TO GENIUS.

Here's to Genius,—the faculty of seizing things from right and left—here a bit of marble, there a bit of brass—and breathing life into them.

—

## TO PATIENCE.

Here's to the maid who sits down to wait for a husband. Here's to the wife who sits up to wait for one.

—

## TOAST TO KINDNESS.

Have you had a kindness shown?
  Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone—
  Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
'Till in heaven the deed appears—
  Pass it on.

## TO BRAVERY.

Be strong!
Say not the days are evil—who's to blame?—
And fold the hands and acquiesce. Oh, shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, just the same.

Be strong!
It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long.
Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song.

—

## TO CHEERFULNESS.

Cheer up!
What if the day's cold
And you're feeling old
And blue,
And disgusted too?
We all do!
Take a brace,
Look trouble in the face
And smile
Awhile.
Nothing's gained by looking glum—
Keep mum.
Put your woes on the shelf,
Keep your troubles to yourself
And—CHEER UP!

—

## TO YOUTH.

May the youth of our country ever walk in the paths of virtue, honor, and truth.

O trust me, it is no mere fiction, the holy fountain of youth;
In the sweet song of the poet it floweth in beauty and truth.—Schiller.

—

## TO WIT.

*Here's to wit*—A very cheap commodity when uttered at the expense of good breeding and good sense.

—

True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.—Pope.

—

## TO PLEASURE.

Pleasure that comes unlooked for is thrice welcome.

—

## TO MIRTH.

Be always as merry as ever you can
For no one delights in a sorrowful man

—

"Mirth is the medicine of life,
It cures its ills, it calms its strife;
It softly soothes the brow of care,
And writes a thousand graces there."

—

## TO A PRETTY ANKLE.

Here's to a bird, a bottle and an open-work stocking,
There's nothing in this that's so very shocking.
The bird came from Jersey, the bottle from France,
The open-work stocking was seen at a dance.

## TO JOKES AND REPUTATION.

May we never crack a joke or break a reputation.

—

## ELK'S ELEVEN O'CLOCK TOAST.

Look at the clock 'tis the hour of eleven,
Think of those on earth and those in heaven,
Think of wives, sweethearts and mothers,
Drink in silence to our absent brothers.

—

## TOAST TO THE PROHIBITIONIST.

Here's to our countryman, exceedingly pious;
He can't swallow straight goods; his mouth's cut on the bias.—Harry Hawkeye.

—

## TO A PLEASANT JOURNEY.

"Let her go, Gallagher."

—

Here's to those who wish us well,
And those who don't may go to—heaven.

—

To a Lie—"An abomination unto the Lord, and a very potent help in time of trouble."

—

## TO LYING.

I do confess, in many a sigh
My lips have breath'd you many a lie,
And who, with such delights in view,
Would lose them for a lie or two?

## TO HEALTH AND GOOD HUMOR.

Give me the nymph who no beauty can boast,
But health and good humor to make me my toast.

—

## TO FORTUNE.

May fortune recover her eye-sight and be just in the distribution of her favors.

—

## TO DAME FORTUNE.

May Dame Fortune ever smile on you.
But never her daughter—
Miss Fortune.

—

## TO FORTUNE.

'Tis well for some that fortune is blind-folded, as many are unworthy of her favors.

—

## TO FATE.

When Fate, at her foot, a broken wreck shall fling me,
And when Fate's hand, a poor plucked fowl shall wring me;
Beware of my Clay, aught else than a bowl to make,
That the scent of the wine new life in time may bring me!

—

Here's a health to those we love best—
Our noble selves—God bless us;
None better and many a damn sight worse.
Drink to-day, and drown all sorrow;
You shall, perhaps, not do it to-morrow.

—Beaumont and Fletcher.

## TO TOLERATION.

Here's to the man of toleration,
Who shapes his views with moderation.
Theology and ignorance combined
Make bigotry, and *that* makes all men blind.
And streams of ruin from this common source
Have swept the world with devastating force.

—

## TO MORPHEUS.

"To each and all a fair good-night,
And pleasing dreams and slumbers bright."
—Sir Walter Scott.

—

## TOAST TO THREE LOVED ONES.

My gentle Lady Cigarette, who would not find you fair?
Your slender bit of loveliness, of grace and beauty rare.
You dress in modest frock of white, but sure no guileless maiden
Could know the witcheries and lures with which your soul is laden,
Enwreathed with fragrant floating clouds you seem a spirit sent
From magic Eastern climes to charm men's souls to devilment,
And he who tastes the pleasant, strange seduction of your kiss
Would barter all his heart holds dear to keep that only bliss.

And you, my stately Dame Cigar, in sober brown arrayed,
A goodly matron, worthier far than any heedless maid.

You lend contentment to my soul and fill my hours of rest
With calm and peaceful reveries, and dreams serene and blest.
With you, good lady, I am not the slave of any man;
The equal of them all I sit and smoke and hope and plan
For all the solid comfort you have given, and still give,
Accept my loyalty, good dame, so long as I shall live.

And now my pipe, first love and last, my sweetheart old and true,
I give my meed of fullest praise to you and only you.
Companion of my wanderings through fair and stormy weather,
We've shared the ups and downs of life in harmony together.
Your smoke has mixed with smoke of friends we'll never see again,
You've cheered me as we sat night long to wield my foolish pen.
You've made good luck seem better, you have dulled misfortune's stroke,
My dear old Pipe! Ah, here's a light! It's time to have a smoke.

—

With roasts and toasts the revelers cloy,
Their vitals, when 'round the board they sup,
And merrily chase the bubble Joy,
Which dances gaily in FRIENDSHIP'S cup.

—Asa Arp.

FINIS.

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